

Twice a Month!



messing about in **BOATS**



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Commentary

BOB
HICKS



messing about in BOATS

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Public Access ~ 2

In our last issue I talked here some about the subject of access to the water for people who cartop or trailer their boats. I pretty much turned the subject over to Chuck Sutherland of ANorAK with his lengthy follow-up discussion of the frustrations of getting into the water in the Metropolitan New York City area.

Despite the fact that the problem is not so large in less densely populated areas along our shores, the subject is one of concern to almost any small boat owner. Trailering and car topping are heavily employed by those, not only owning small boats because they want to, but by those who would just as soon have a marina slip or mooring but cannot afford the cost or find the location. In my Massachusetts north shore area, moorings are hard to come by, long waiting lists exist in the most popular harbors, and those moorings available at all are often way out beyond the protection of the harbor.

So, the subject of access is one I will include from now on as part of the issue-to-issue coverage of messing about in boats. In this issue, several stories on cruises readers have taken include the supplemental details on where they were able to gain access to the water for their outings.

Most commonly, people want to be able to get into the water within reasonable travelling distance from home. This was Chuck's premise in his discussion, people who live other than in the storefront communities could not find places to launch their boats. The usual gambit is for a seashore community to restrict parking at a launching ramp or beach to "sticker parking only". The stickers go to local residents only. You can drive in and maybe launch your boat, but then, where to park? Not at the launch site. Not on nearby streets all posted no parking. Squeezed out.

It's been my experience that this is not a 100% closeout, I've found in my area locations where this sort of ban does not exist. The most obvious and popular locations get restricted. Those with nearby waterfront residences get closed to streetside parking. Most ramps along our north shore are restricted parking unless they were built using state funds. This sort of ramp, while a community ramp, must allow ANYONE to park until all spaces are filled.

Less obvious locations just never got restricted because they were not viewed locally as problem areas. Since the great unwashed inland population has never discovered these, there's been no need to lock them out. A few within a few miles of me include an abandoned granite pier on a saltmarsh creek about a mile from the sea, a little used shallow beach right in a busy harbor, another busier beach way out at the end of a long road dead ending in a privately held peninsula, an old roadbed bypassed by a new high bridge over a tidal creek but still accessible, a gravel ramp on another tidal creek just outside a major federal wildlife area, etc.

How did I find these? As I said in my previous column, our local small craft club gathered in this information from members living in the seashore communities involved. You're likely to know where you can launch in your own town and what the local policies are about outsiders and parking.

But I also did a lot of exploring ashore. Armed with the U.S. Geological Survey maps of the involved areas, I explored the many road ends and routes that led alongshore, looking for places I might want to use someday. This makes interesting late fall and winter adventure, with these maps, which show all the roads, including cart paths and woods roads, you can find a lot you'd never dream existed. These maps are sold in most sizeable communities in bookstores or stationers, the yellow pages list them under "maps". At about \$4 each they're well worthwhile.

The sorts of places turned up this way aren't ramps, obviously, nor often beaches of any size. They are little coves, tiny gravel beaches, old bridge abutments, abandoned industrial waterfront. Places the consumer boating public isn't likely to look for. People with boats that need ramp launching or "secured" parking for costly tow vehicles cannot avail themselves of these more obscure opportunities.

Well, I'll pass on this sort of information as it comes to hand and seems appropriate, whether generated by my own explorations or by those of readers interested in taking part in this. Over time, this publication can be an ongoing source of advice on gaining access to the water. You're invited to participate if you like.

On the Cover...

Good racing on the Mighty Merrimack River between two traditional Piscataqua River Wherries was part of a September event that brought together an interesting mix of small pulling boats. Full coverage in this issue.

Op-Ed Page

This is a page you'll find in newspapers opposite the editorial page, provided for those with opinions that differ from the editor's to have their say. I haven't felt the need for this sort of page because I haven't really had much from readers in the way of disagreement over what they've been reading in this magazine. If they have disagreements, readers have been keeping them to themselves. Now, however, a reader takes me to task for opinions I've expressed on racing attitudes, so I have a reason now to establish this "Op-Ed" page.

I haven't run a "Letters" page because the letters that come in almost all fall into either a congratulatory category or a complaint about service category. I love to get letters from readers telling me how much they enjoy the magazine, but cannot really justify printing them as pats on the back for our efforts. I answer them directly. Those com-

plaining about service ("where is my magazine?") get immediate attention and resolution of whatever problem has arisen. A third category of letters, those which tell me of the reader's projects or adventures, get into the magazine as articles rather than as letters.

I'd like to have more "Op-Ed" correspondence, if you do indeed disagree with my opinions in my "Commentary" column, or with any opinions you see elsewhere in the magazine. Your rebuttal opinions will get published verbatim, without editing (trusting you to not be personally abusive) and without the smart-ass follow-up remarks from the editor, getting in the "last word". Your views will stand or fall on their own merits, undisputed by me.

So, I'm not looking for controversy, but if it develops over anything that appears in this magazine, I welcome its appearance on this "Op-Ed" page in future issues.

"It is, after all, a race!"

BOATS:

Your Commentary of the September 1 issue deserves further comment. You certainly have no obligation to cover canoe racing or any other racing event. Other publications do, and you do what you do very well. This is not a "please cancel" letter.

I am writing to disagree with your conception of what might be considered a "bad scene" in what is after all a race. During the last Run of the Charles I was nearly rammed by a couple of novices in an aluminum bathtub, and I must admit that I did express a rude opinion of their seamanship. Maybe you weren't referring to me, but you might have been.

Whose "bad scene" is this? I'll apologize for my language, but any other time that I'm that tired, cold, wet, sore AND cut off by another vessel that endangers my fragile Kevlar boat, I'll probably have to apologize again.

Overtaking boats must keep clear, but slower boats abuse their position by veering wildly in narrow waters. Racers forced into impossible situations by carelessness have a right to object.

The Run of the Charles is uncommon among New England races in that the novices outnumber the serious racers by ten to one. This doesn't mean that it isn't a race, or that different rules apply. Racers know what to expect. My partner and I went around a lot of slow boats, and I only "abused" one. Most recreational paddlers seemed

to have no problem with this. They acted as if interfering with other boats' forward progress were wrong, and tried to avoid doing so. If a novice paddler has any competitive instincts at all, he might find the speed and skill of the race boats and the exciting atmosphere of the Run to be a motivation to become a racer himself. It happened to me a few years back. But if a novice really isn't interested in racing and doesn't care about the feelings of those who are, and if he insists on paddling on a race course on race day, then at very least he should STAY THE HELL OUT OF THE WAY. I find your implication that things should be otherwise to be arrogance in moral disguise.

An issue or two back you featured a beautiful custom-built double-ended lapstrake cruiser-day-sailer. The price of that boat could keep me in Wenonahs and carbon-fiber paddles forever. So much for high-tech racing machines. How do you think her skipper reacts to near-collisions? I suspect about the way that I do. We're not just talking about a racing phenomenon here. Months of hard training have value, just as varnished planks do. Serious people will always be outraged by bozos who take their seriousness lightly.

We can agree on this. My race boat really is ugly. And when my subscription runs out, renew it.

Joel Abramovitz, Newton Highlands, MA

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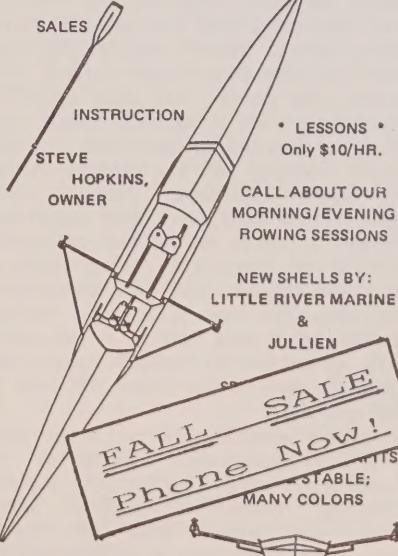
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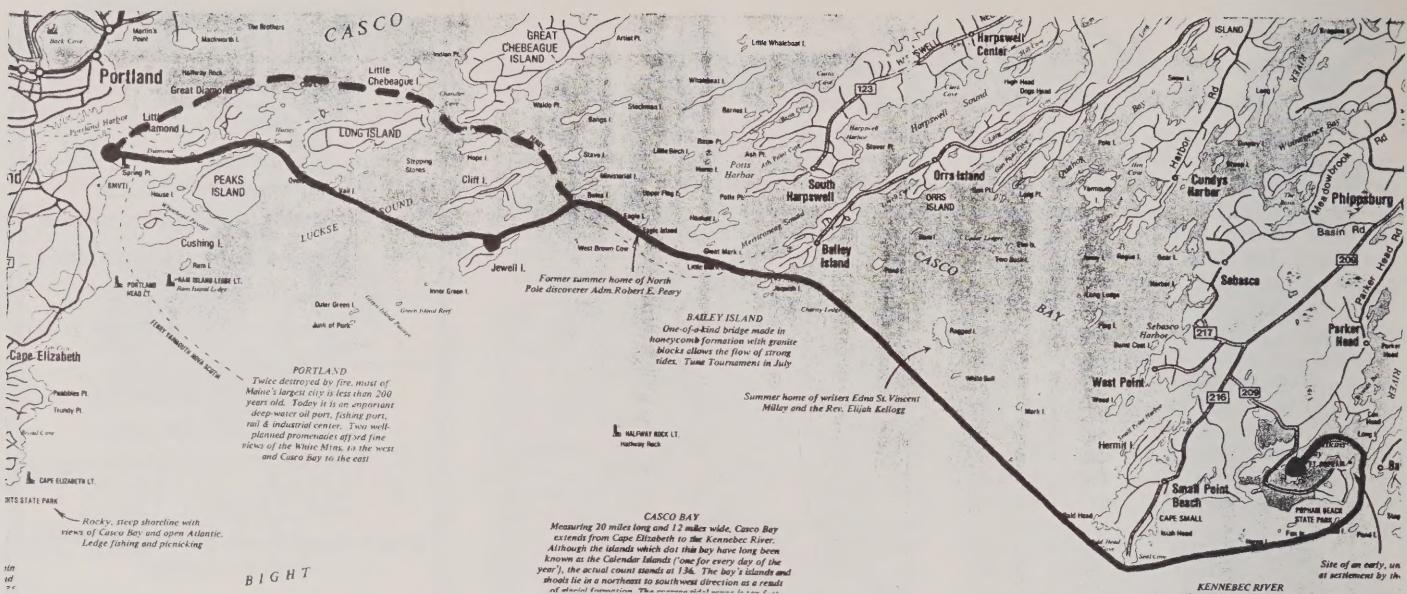
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Cruising Down East on the Schooner BOWSPRIT

Report by Ken Bax

GETTING READY TO GO

I hadn't touched the schooner this season. Didn't even pull the cover off her, and here it was mid July. I'd been trying to finish off a cellar in hopes of having that job behind me before getting involved with the boat. Also after that trip with Tom, I wasn't anxious to get back on the water.

Carol was after me to go sailing because I was on vacation. The boys, Pete 15 and Dave 12 didn't want to go, had better things to do with their friends. 'Make them go. You know they'll love it once you're out there.' So in spite of the reluctant kids I decide to go.

The first day is spent uncovering the boat, hauling her up from the woods, washing her out, bending the sails to the spars. While Dave is washing the hull, I lash the main and foresails to their tack, clew, throat and peak. Pete ties in square knots along the booms and gaffs. All this time I'm pondering if I should cook and bring a cooler, or one and not the other. We get out the motor, sleeping bags, life vests, and the endless list of equipment and supplies. There is still a lot to be done, both of my guys are losing interest in their labors, and it's already about four in the afternoon. So we decide to knock off for the day, with promises to resume early tomorrow, and maybe start off late in the morning.

The second day we start with final preparations. Batteries in flashlights and navigation lights, sleeping bags in plastic trash bags, gas mixed with oil, etc., etc... My attention is distracted by heavy machinery next door. They are having their driveway resurfaced. Mine needs it also....Delayed for another day.

LYNNFIELD TO JEWEL ISLAND

"Wrap it up, toss it in, pack it in, lash it down -- let's go!" It's a two hour drive out to South Portland, Maine. All the way out on Broadway to the old G.E. property. Half an hour later and we're launched. Off we go.

I've got about a foot and a half reefed off the main, full fore's'l, and no jib. This gives me good visibility, mostly because I keep the main up high. I've less sail area up, and because the jib is off she'll come up to meet the wind quicker when it gusts. But she still has 162 sq. ft. of sail up. The wind is from the southeast, about 10 or 15. We're on a starb'd tack, and boiling along. Out we go past #5 and #3 buoy, out past Fort Gorges, headed for the south end of Little Diamond.

Many of the passengers on the ferries cross to our side to look and wave to us. I see a raised deck sloop coming up from behind us. I wish the jib were up, then she looks so much more schooner like. The sloop is along side us now, I warn the kids that she may blanket our wind, and we'll suddenly come upright. We yell across to each other, louder, over the wind and water swishing between us. "I just had to come over to see what she was, she's beautiful" - 'Thank you, she's a schooner, but I've got the jib down, you should see her with it up.'

We turn to port, down Diamond Pass. I announce 'First to see a seal gets a dollar from the other two.' The tide is low and coming in. I get a bright idea and turn to head up between Pumpkin Nob and Peaks Island. We are blanketed a bit from the land and the current is running strong against us. We're taking a few tacks, trying to get

up through this narrow pass. I am amazed, here comes a ferry down the pass at us. There is no room for him to turn. I head off to port right up to the rocks. Pete is watching the bottom for me. After the ferry passes I give up the attempt of getting up through here, head down wind, jibe, and cut over to Hussey Sound.

After being blanketed behind Pumpkin Knob, and making several useless tacks, we get out in the clear wind coming down Hussey Sound. We make it right up to Overset Island without tacking. Just as we tack to get around the island, I see a seal. I yell, "Look, there's a seal!" Same time as the kids hear me, the seal does and disappears - unseen by them. We race past Vaill Island out towards Jewell Island. The boat runs along nice, feels stiff and responsive. She's a lot better off when carrying a lot of weight. What a difference from the time when I took her out alone, with hardly any weight in her, and made the mistake of carrying full sail. Ended up in the drink on that trip.

I skin past the "2JR" bell, and come up on the inside of Jewell. There's a thin strip of land and muscle bar in back here that forms a very popular anchorage. The tide is up a way now, so we head for the bar. Peter is up on the bow watching for the bottom, and David has the dagger board ready to be pulled up. The wind eases up in here and it's easy to follow Pete's directions away from any rocks or shallow spots. I feel confident about getting through because the boat only draws about five inches, and I've beached her a few times before. Also a year or so ago I dragged a small sailing dingy across this very area. There were

no surprises and we slid in real neat, having found ourselves a nice short cut to our destination.

There are a dozen or so moorings in the harbor that people have set for the season. I figure since it's Thursday it is unlikely I'll get asked to leave someone's mooring. We grab one, douse and furl the sails, and have a supper. There were several boats already moored, and a pack of scouts in tents across from us. We got out the sleeping bags and tarps, and got ready to settle in. David went out to the bow to relieve himself, I got ahold of the fog horn and sounded off. All the scouts up on the cliff gave a rousing applause.

That night as the kids were in the fore cockpit and I'm in the main cockpit, I described as best I could, the stars above as they seemingly arched back and forth with the drift of 'Bowsprit'. The mosquitoes were few and soon we were asleep.

FIRST MORNING

Looking around it seems the sun is high. It's up high in the tree line of the island. The harbor is shaded. I just stay in the rack, and start to cajol the guys to wake up. There is about two miles visibility and no wind. Typical Maine morning - foggy and calm.

For breakfast we have variety cereal packs and the milk is cold. I've got six, frozen, two liter coke bottles in the cooler. It will stay cold and dry for four days.

We take the dingy in shore and off we go to scout out Jewell Island. Up the cliff, then along the paths that take us to the old army structures. Pete and Dave climb both towers, then we head along towards the gun emplacements. We head into the concrete tunnel. It's dark to our unaccustomed eyes. I talk them into taking a branch-off route. I shuffle my feet along and explain that as long as you make sure of where you're stepping, you won't get hurt. Just then I bring my trailing right foot up even with my left foot, just a half step. I step into black air. My chest hits the other side of the hole. With the assist of the boys I climb up and crawl out of the tunnel.

The ankle is swelling and I can't put any weight on the foot. Peter supports me while Dave gets back to the dingy to row it around to us. He leaves arrows at the trail cutoffs that show us where he intends to meet us on the shore. We row to the boat over that same bar. The kids go for a swim while I prop the foot up and ponder out what to do now.

I know that when my wife and the doctors get ahold of me, my summer is gone! It may only be sprained but there may be breaks. (Think of the worst) I tell myself. If it's broken I can't get to a hospital for about four to five hours.

This isn't worth some air-sea rescue. The doctors may only put an ace bandage on it. I know that swelling and stability are the important considerations.

I recall that I crawl around on the boat anyway. The guys can handle the halyards, and I can put the foot in the cold ocean once in awhile, and otherwise keep it raised up on the deck. The weather forecasts are very good, I want to keep going. I call the kids in from swimming.

JEWELL TO CAPE SMALL

Pete raises both the peak and throat on the fore'sl, which is quite difficult. (Kid's getting bigger) Both Pete and Dave raise the mains'l, and off we go. The wind is from the soeast, light here behind Jewell, about twelve on the outside. As the 'Bowsprit' heads out we make things shipshape. Passing one of the last moored vessels a woman calls down below, "Hey, Fred, come up and look at this." We're at the eastern end of the island, wind picks up, we're skimming along. On a reach from the east comes a J-30, quite a heel to her and rushing the sea up around her. The kids say she's got her engine on. "No, she's a racing-cruiser and is fast." We pass each other close, to get a good look at one another. We fly past and exchange compliments.

For awhile I head outside of W. Brown Cow, then change my mind, and decide to go in back then up to Eagle Island. This will give me time to feel out the conditions for awhile before being on open waters. Then I realize it's quite 'dirty' back here and I have to get over near Bates Island. Now I can turn up to gong #3, on the outside of Eagle Island, towards the monument on Little Mark Island.

The visibility is about two miles. I haven't been on these waters before, don't have a plan of how far, or where we'll go. I figure I can just skirt these islands, heading east. Any trouble and I can quickly duck behind places like Haskell Island, Jaquish, Pond, Ragged, Mark, Small Point Harbor, etc., etc. as long as it's not far to these places and they are not up wind from me. There is more sail that can be reefed, and I have the motor, and a good anchor. The weather is good and steady.

We pass between Little Mark and Whale Rock. I head 120 M., that's about 8 degrees to the right of a course to bell 'J1'. This is to compensate wind drift and the incoming current on our starb'd quarter. I watch the current from the numerous lobster pots we pass. I could not see the bell from the start, but halfway there I see we were headed right for it.

We're up to the bell now and I explain to David the course I in-

tend to take, 120 M. It will take us direct to the bell on Bald Head Ledge, off Bald Head, Cape Small...6 miles away. He says he would rather turn downwind and travel along behind some of the islands. I'm surprised at his comprehension of the situation. He realizes the hazzards of being caught 'outside'. (The kid's getting bigger)

I show him the compromise I'll make with him. I'll head 110 M. That will take us to the tip of Cape Small, and we'll be closer to those islands along the way. 'Bowsprit' is on a beam reach. The dingy line is taut behind us. Peter is asleep in the fore cockpit. Once in awhile the spray disturbs him. We are boiling along... I adjust the mains'l and find she'll self sail quite well, but a lot of power has been taken out of her. So after a bit I haul in on the main and steer her myself. An hour and a half later we are up to Cape Small.

CAPE SMALL TO BOOTHBAY

The sun is still high, if this wind holds I know we can make it to Boothbay. Then I can let the boys off the boat to eat in a restaurant. We pass along Bald Head Ledge, inside of Fuller Rock, close to the Cape Small shoreline. Occasionally I observe the cloud patterns over the land to the north. Now they are not the puffy fair weather cumulus as before. They are higher, a little darker at the base, and leaning towards us. I'll keep a closer watch on them.

After rounding the bend I take a course of 080 M., which should take us to the south tip of Southport Island. Off to the east I can't see Seguin Island, but it seems odd that I can make out the lighthouse and one white building next to it, high on the top of the island, but not the island itself. Looks like the two objects don't belong there, up in the sky. The wind dies, just a slight wisp of air is left. It's odd, the boat's not heading where it should be.

While I'm getting the seagull motor hooked up, Pete tells me he hears thunder. Now I can hear it also. I start the outboard and tell the boys that we are going to head into the Kennebeck River, around to Atkins Bay to sit out the storm. One cloud is building up, getting darker. It's still calm. We cut between Wood Island and Pond Island down near Popham Beach. The tide is with us and we move along nicely. A sharp turn around the fort and we're in Atkin Bay. We get on the other side of an old tumble down pier, and drop the anchor. I check with Pete about the scope, and we settle down to consider the coming storm.

"Look, here's how I see it. We're in a good anchorage. It can blow like mad and we'll be O.K. - but we're going to get wet. These

plastic tarps aren't going to keep us dry in a driving downpour."

"So what's important here? To me it seems it's not important if we stay dry or not, but that we've got a dry bed to get into tonight. It's important that we get a good night's sleep, and aren't miserable all night. We can dry off with the towels in the plastic bag, then climb into dry sleeping bags."

"Let's blow up an air mattress, put it on the bottom of the fore cockpit, pile all our sleeping gear on it, then cover it with one of the tarps. We'll tuck the tarp right down under the air mattress, that ought to keep things dry."

"Let's get going, here it comes." Just as we get done the sprinkle starts. We all squeeze into the main cockpit, in sitting positions, and pull and tuck the other tarp over us. It's all cozy in here, still light out, sort of glows inside the tarp.

The rain drops tick on the stiff plastic. We see the flash of lightning and later hear the thunder roll in. Dave seems worried. Flash! One thousand, two thousand, three thou -- the boom rolls in. I count ten seconds, out loud. "Ten seconds, Dave, that means that flash struck two miles away. Five seconds for sound to travel a mile."

"I don't know why, you'd think the masts on sailboats would get hit all the time, but they don't. In fact I can recall lightning storms in Lynn and eight houses would get struck in a half an hour, but not one boat in the harbor would get touched." Now the rain snaps on the tarp. It's raining hard, the boat is swerving in the gusts. Each time we peek out under the cover the scenery is different.

The sky is all reddish green, we can see a clean line of torrential rain, making the water white, bearing down on us. "Wow, look at that." Pete's like me, likes a storm. It hits us. Just a constant roar on the roof. The water finds its way in on us. It runs down my back onto the seat cushion, I'm sitting in a puddle of water. We all squirm trying to dodge the leaks. There's a real feeling of togetherness in here.

Through it all the hardest part was waiting for the rain to really stop. There is not much light left, so we start to make up the beds. All of a sudden the mosquitoes swarm us. We have no repellent. It is unbearable. 'Quick, get into your sleeping bags and pull a cover over you. It's the only way out.' We find them dry and comfortable. Soon we are asleep.

SECOND MORNING

I come around at about seven A.M. It's fogged in solid. Visibility 50 yards. I turn on the marine weather -- heavy fog will burn off in the afternoon -- A weak low

has formed over the maritimes -- Wind from the northeast 5 to 10 knots -- Noreast! My memory of noreasters is nothing but violence! What if that low intensifies. The heck with it. Go back to sleep and figure it out later.

I can't sleep. Can I get back in this stuff? I'm apprehensive. I try to analyze it all in my mind -- Let's see - What's so bad about this situation. What's got me worried? Wind from the noreast - heavy fog - no time piece - no parallels - no pencil - unfamiliar locality - tide against us 'til around Cape Small - not sure of the mileage I can get from the fuel I've got.

Well, what have I got going for me - That wind is from a good direction once around Cape Small - The compass has been accurate on the way down here - If I don't think of this as one big voyage - Can I get around the Cape to Small Point Harbor?? - If I just take small hops, aim for things easy to hit, don't leave any place you can't get back to, remember your reciprocals, and consider where you'll be when you miss. There's plenty of daylight ahead of us. Just start out and see what it's like out there, you can always turn back.

I wake the kids up. Nobody's hungry. 'So let's go. Cast off Dave and let's get going.' We start off with no sails, engine only. Full power is needed rounding the turn in front of Fort Popham. I ease back a little and we're making fair progress against the tide. There are a lot of surf fishermen as we follow along the beach. The blues must be running. As we keep following the shoreline, I notice I'm heading too far to the right to hit my first objective, Wood Island. I bear off to port, magnetic heading 200. Away we go from the land, the fog seems to tighten around us. All we can see is about 200 feet around us.

I explain to the boys that we're traveling along with a circle of vision, only so big, that moves along with us. It is very important to keep a sharp watch out. Don't concentrate in the direction we are headed. It is most important to observe abeam of us, because if we are to just barely come within sight of an object, it will be off to the sides, and you will only have the briefest time to see it. Keep your eyes moving, notice everything! Suddenly Wood Island appears before us. It's already to my port side, we are behind it. The chart shows shallow water here, but it looks deep, so I decide to pass behind it.

Next course is 240. When we reach the Fox Islands, I notice they are made of two bodies. I'm not sure which one I've arrived at. I continue on, same course, and soon make the next landfall. There is still a doubt in the back of my head so when we arrive at the next

group of islands, as soon as I pass them I turn inshore and run down the length of them to make a positive identification. Pete calls back from the bow, "Yes, Dad, there's three of them" I know we're at Heron Islands.

The next jump is about twice as long as the others. I steer back out to the tip of Heron Islands, turn to starb'd, and head for Small Point. To make sure I don't miss this landfall I head more to the starb'd, magnetic heading 245. This ought to get me well inside Small Point. The time passes slowly. Is this fog thicker than before? I note every lobster buoy and swirl in the water.

You could throw a stone on Seal Island at the time we sight it. It's about 100 feet away. We skirt along the shore. The dagger board is up. I appreciate drawing only one foot or so, the depth of the prop. The shoreline takes us around to a heading of 290 M., on line for Bald Head. Time to make that decision. Turn down to Small Point Harbor, or start jumping our way over towards Bailey Island.

I can just see Fuller Rock on the port beam. I measure its distance from me. One quarter of a mile. So that's my visibility now, quarter mile. I make check marks a quarter mile each side of East Brown Cow, perpendicular to a line to there from Bald Head. It appears that I have the leeway of being off course 20 degrees either side of the course. We're moving along now with the fore'sl up. Fog seems to have eased. Think I'll go for it. I'll turn to 280 M. when I get to Bald Head.

In the time it takes to cross Bald Head Cove it clears up considerably. When we arrive at the point I turn to the 280 M. heading. There's East Brown Cow right off the bow. So we can continue on course. From there to the "WB" gong, to the "J1" bell outside of Whale Rock.

I look back to where we came from. The fog, being moved along with the east wind, seems to bank up against the far side of Cape Small, then it rises over the land, and is diminished. I back check the ground we've covered. The islands we've jumped along. The small red letters appear to me. "Local magnetic disturbance" right between Seguin Island and the east shore of Cape Small. That's why the boat didn't seem to head right when I was heading down towards Boothbay. The notice is located more off shore than our tract was when cutting through the fog. But I wonder if I would have made the attempt if I had noticed it earlier.

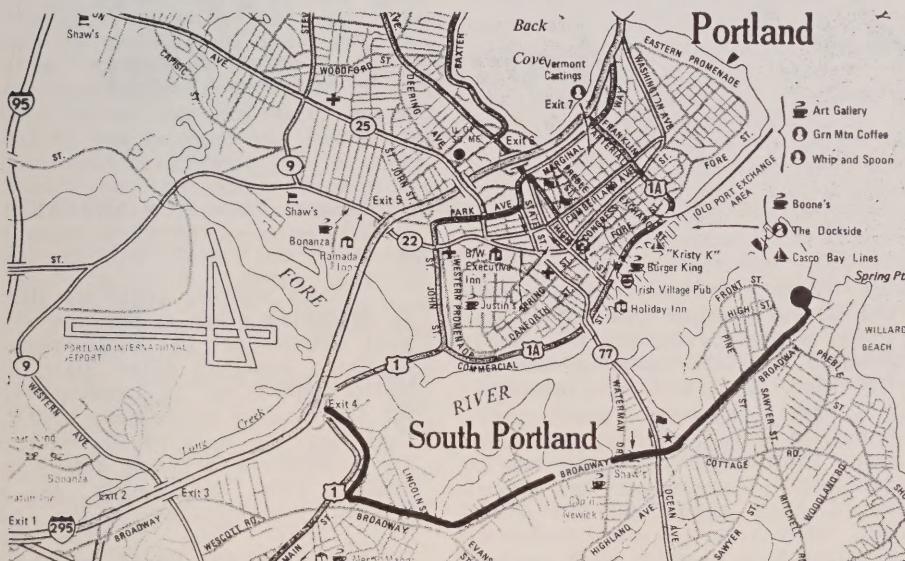
Our track back to the launch ramp takes us outside of Jaquish Island, Eagle Island, down between Cliff Island and Stave Island, between Hope Island and Sand Island. Then through Chandler Cove and

directly to the ramp, keeping Great Diamond to port. We arrive at about 5 P.M.

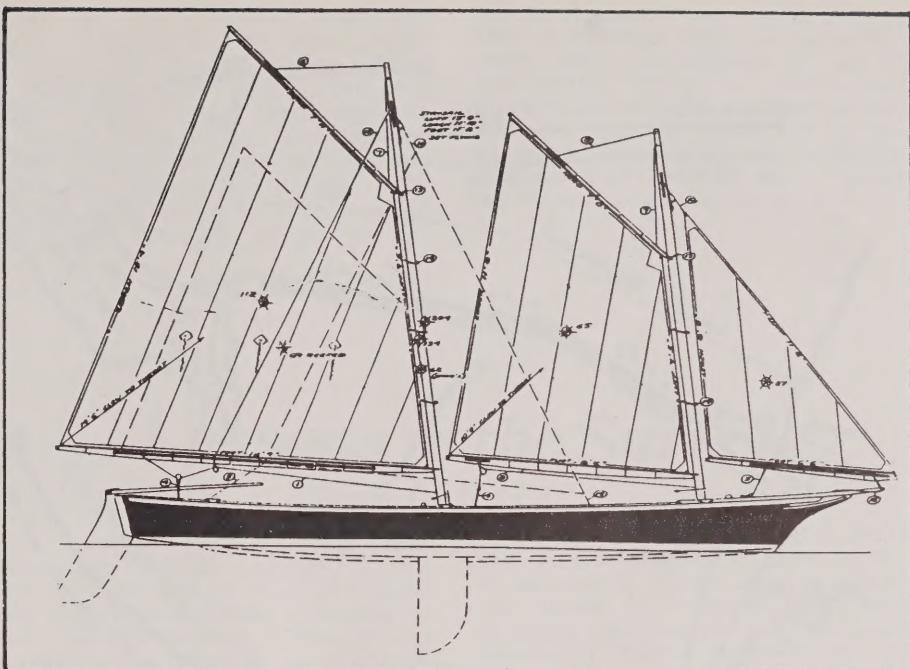
I'm just about helpless at hauling the boat out. A couple of guys help my kids after they haul their own boats. They get the schooner out and up to the parking lot, the kids lower the spars, unship the masts, and ready the boat and trailer for the trip home. We pig out on all the food left over and head for home.

As soon as we get home, I'm off to the hospital. They find I've got three broken toe bones. The only repercussions to my delaying treatment is that I have to wait a week for the swelling to go down in order to put a cast on. I feel sort of lucky, but glad that I continued the trip after the accident. In spite of the accident I know that I'll always recall this as one of the best cruising trips I've had. I hope that later in life, the kids will have some fond memories of their trip down Maine in the schooner 'Bowsprit'.

PORTRLAND, ME ACCESS



To get to the old G.E. property ramp, leave I-295 at exit 4 in South Portland, follow Rt. 1 south to Broadway, turn left on Broadway and follow it until it ends at a junction. A left turn here takes you to the ramp. Ken reports there's plenty of free parking, no restriction, and that there are floats to tie up to after launching at the ramp. Access to Casco Bay is excellent, as his story illustrates.



Ken Bax's schooner is this 24' Phil Bolger design built in plywood. We did a story on it in the February 1, 1985, issue.

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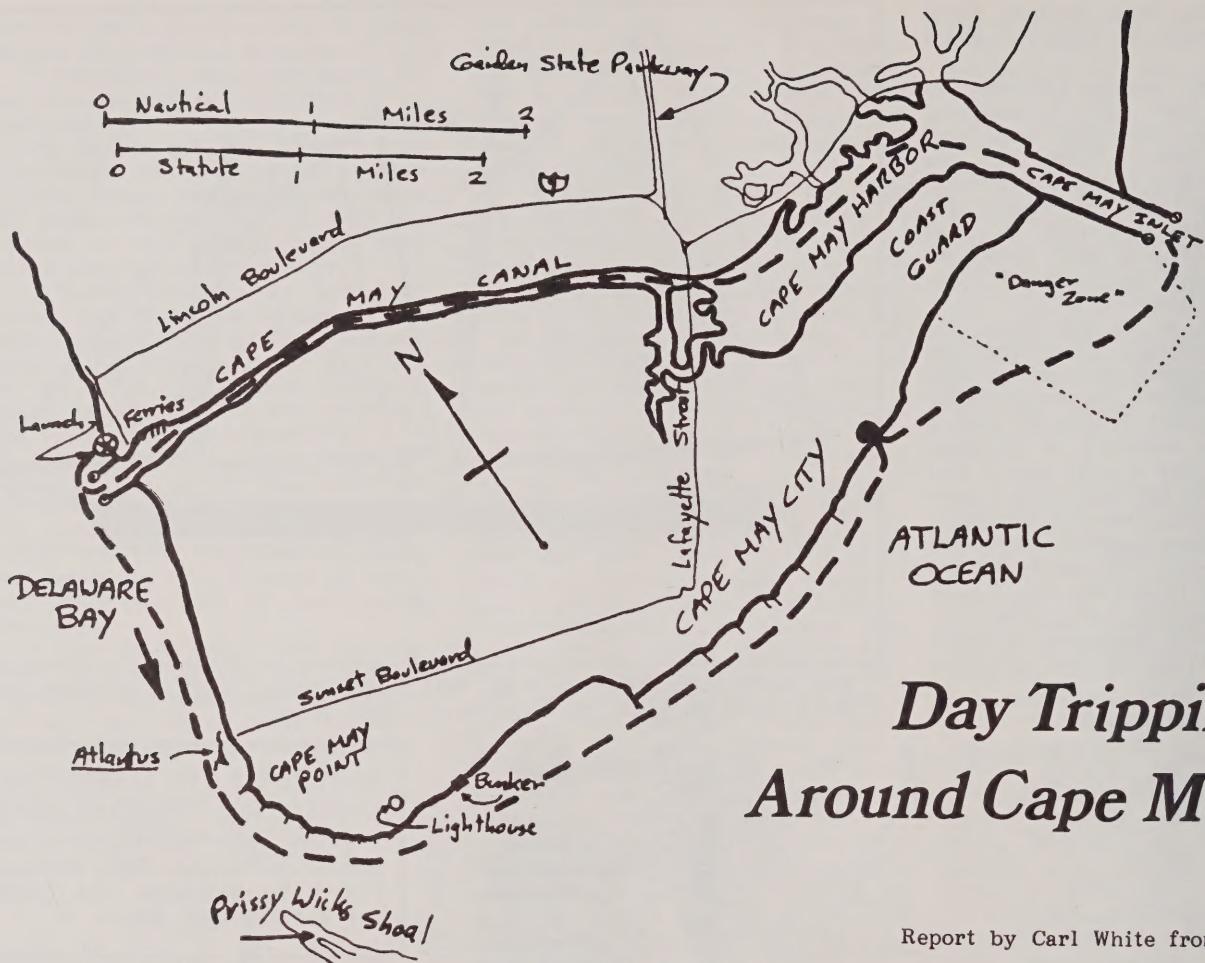
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Day Tripping Around Cape May

Report by Carl White from ANORAK

One of the real pleasures of contemplating NOAA charts is finding interesting-looking point-to-point or circular routes ideal for a pleasant day on the water. For about a year I'd pondered a circumnavigation of Cape May, N.J. utilizing the Cape May Canal. About 15 miles in all--a perfect day trip. NOAA chart 12316--Little Egg Harbor to Cape May--and Reed's Nautical Almanac provided the raw data for working out the mechanics of the trip. Several factors needed to be considered: a) the launch site would be the township park on Delaware Bay, on Lincoln Boulevard just beyond the turnoff for the Cape May Ferry, at the terminus of the Cape May Canal; b) I wanted the tides right so we'd ride the currents all the way, and c) better to come IN through Cape May inlet, so the route should be counter-clockwise (bay, ocean, inlet, harbor, canal). Going the other way meant doing the ocean in the afternoon when winds might be at their peak, and also meant going out the inlet either against a flooding tide, on an ebbing tide against current-steepened ocean swells, or hitting the slack just right. It is 9 miles from the launch site, around the cape, to the mouth of the inlet, but the last 3 miles are, in part, along the Cape May Coast Guard beachfront, marked on

the NOAA chart as a danger zone (?) to one nautical mile out to sea. Thus, one stops for lunch at about 6 miles, or after passing through the inlet, about a 10 mile paddle.

Now, someone might say, "What is all this? Why not just throw the boats in the water and go paddling?" A year or so ago, I would have done just that, and did, many times. I often ended up paddling 5 to 10 miles at the end of the day, dog-tired, against winds, tides or both. Sometimes still do. But I've found that 20 minutes spent doing a little planning can make an enormous difference in how much enjoyment a trip can provide. For this trip, we needed an ebbing tide in the morning to carry us around the tip of the cape. We would use the slack for our lunch stop and for the final approach to the mouth of the inlet, and then ride the flood into the inlet, through Cape May Harbor, and then through the canal. The Delaware Bay Entrance tidal current tables and the Delaware Bay and River tidal current charts in Reed's Almanac (or Eldridge) combined to show that March 23 would give us the conditions desired, all along the route, for a 9:30 A.M. launch: maximum ebb at 10:30 A.M., slack water at 12:30 P.M., early flood at 1:30 P.M., and flood all through the afternoon.

NOAA weather radio for March 23 predicted clear skies, mid-50's, west winds at 10 knots--perfect kayaking weather. Allan Blair, Gil Muller and I met in Lawrenceville for the roughly 2-1/2 hour drive to Cape May. We were in the water at 9:30. Delaware Bay was glassy but ridged with low swells as we crossed the entrance to the Cape May Canal. Four of the five 320-foot Cape May-Lewes ferryboats were in their slips just inside the canal entrance. We paddled along the old Magnesium-from-seawater extraction plant; next came the broken hulk of the concrete-hulled ship 'Atlantis', one of the fourteen such ships built as experiments during WW I. The ebbing tide, stronger here, eddied and swirled around the 'Atlantis', which lies just offshore from the end of Sunset Boulevard. We were nearing the tip, Cape May Point, and due south, dead ahead, were the jumping, leaping overfalls of Prissy Wicks Shoal. However, deeper water lies between the beach and the beginning of the shoal, and the passage around the point was relatively smooth, and pure pleasure. The white pillar of Cape May Point Lighthouse, 170 feet tall, glided by. The lighthouse is in Cape May Point State Park, which, along with the adjoining Nature Conservancy preserve, constitutes one of

the major birding hotspots in North America, especially at fall migration. Short groins and getties along this stretch provide havens from the full force of the ebb.

Next, we passed a WW II bunker, sitting at the water's edge. A huge block of concrete supported by hundreds of closely-spaced wood pilings, the bunker was 900 feet back from the shoreline when first constructed, with the pilings completely below ground level. Subsequent erosion has dramatically altered its environs so that the sea surges in and out among the once-buried pilings. It's marked "obstrs" on the NOAA chart, just about 3 miles into the trip. The next hour had us paddling along the renowned Victorian beachfront of Cape May City. We rode in through the moderate surf for lunch on the beach near the municipal pier. Strollers, kite fliers, and sun-seekers wandered up and down the beachfront enjoying the mild weather.

We punched out through the surf a little past noon, on our way to the entrance to Cape May Inlet. The inlet is some 300 yards wide and is bounded on both sides by stone breakwaters extending one-half nautical mile out to sea. Our course was due east, angling out to sea to pass the end of the southwest breakwater 3 miles away. Swells on the ocean averaged 4 feet, with occasional 5-footers in groups of 3. As we entered a corner of the Coast Guard "danger zone", a CG helicopter came out from the base to see what we were about, but quickly lost interest and flew away along the coast toward Cape May. The wind started to pick up, an onshore wind, and a chop developed on the swells. Now and again, as we gained on the breakwater, a series of larger 6-foot-plus swells with steep faces swept by us. They never broke, but we would turn to ride directly into them as they approached.

The entrance to the inlet was a zone of confused water: swells from a little south of east, reflected swells, chop, reflected chop, and mild races and eddies as the early flood entered the inlet. We sprinted across the turbulence, and gained the quieter water within the inlet, riding the flood landward. Once inland, we turned to port to enter Cape May Harbor, passing the large dockside CG complex where many CG craft of various sizes and duties are tied up. A NOAA research vessel was also berthed here. Cape May Harbor was placid, and we passed under the Lafayette Street bridge to enter the Cape May Canal. The Canal was surprisingly pleasant: little boat traffic, and very lightly developed shores--a few houses set among the reeds and woods that line the banks. We hardly needed to lift a paddle as the current glided us along at a

knot or so. Summer conditions here, though, may be dramatically different. At about 3 P.M., around a bend, the ferry slips came into view. Three ferries were berthed; a fourth, with idling engines, was receiving its last cars and passengers. We sprinted to the far bank as the ferry began to rumble out of its slip, pivoting so as to get

bow-first toward the canal's outlet, then it churned away out onto Delaware Bay. We followed it out of the canal, hung a right, and stroked toward our takeout/launch site. We had our boats out of the water by about 3:45, and mutually affirmed that we had had a great day--going around Cape May!

Lessons in the Surf ~1

Report by Gil Muller

"Go for it!"--A shout from somewhere behind me, and I went for it. I paddled as hard as I could but nothing happened; I stopped to look behind me and suddenly felt myself being lifted up as the wave rolled under me. It wasn't at all gentle; it was more like being PICKED up. I started going sideways and made a feeble attempt to brace but too late. The wave crested and broke. I was sideways to the breaking wave and starting to roll in the wrong direction. All of a sudden I saw no water under me but sand about four feet down and felt the crushing weight of a giant on top of me, then water everywhere. I had capsized. That beautiful trip around Cape May was going to be wet and cold. I knew I was wet and cold but didn't feel it at first. My immediate reaction as adrenaline pumped through the system was "get out of this boat". There was not much danger of drowning in four feet of water with Allan Blair and Carl White somewhere up there, nice and dry and warm. The immediate danger were the rocks coming at me (or so it seemed) that I could now see clearly. There was danger there since I did not wear a helmet and there was danger to the boat as well. I pulled the release strap and exited the kayak easily but came up on the wrong side of the boat, the beach side. The submerged kayak quickly knocked me down again and as another wave was breaking it pushed me closer to the rocks.

This time I came up on the right side, caught onto the kayak and eased up onto the beach. I had let go of the paddle (no leash) but one of the other fellows retrieved it as well as my cap. Allan and Carl assisted right away in emptying out the boat and Carl offered some spare clothing and warm coffee. I refused both. I didn't feel cold yet. I had on a wet suit and booties, a pile sweater, a paddling jacket and neoprene gloves, the kind scuba divers wear and, of course, my life jacket.

I dried myself as best I could and we all started to have lunch. It was sunny. There were people on the beach in nothing more than T-shirts and there was a slight breeze. I had a Thermos of hot soup that tasted great after the cold dip. We discussed my novice maneuver coming in through surf. I felt like a jerk. Imagine capsizing in a Klepper Aerius I, one of the most stable kayaks there is. As lunch was coming to an end, the cold started to affect me. The wet suit until now had felt warm but all of a sudden it started to feel wet and clammy. I started to shiver. The others noticed it. We decided that we should take to our boats again since the activity would probably warm me up. We punched through the surf and a wave ripped Carl's map from under the shock cords on his deck. We made it past the surf line and I started to warm up from the activity. The rest of the trip went smoothly.

It was a good thing I had my wet suit on that day. I dare not think of how it would have felt hitting that water without it. Sea kayaking literature is full of warnings regarding cold water paddling. I am glad I heeded the warnings. I would never paddle in cold water without my wet suit or my life jacket. My wet suit is of the farmer john variety and I am thinking of getting a neoprene jacket with sleeves to put on over it for winter days. But a wet suit is only good protection for the dip. Get out of it as soon as possible when exposed to air. The insulating quality when wet lasts only about a half hour to forty-five minutes. Then you start feeling cold. But paddling can warm you up when the outside temperature is O.K.

I also lost my prescription sunglasses because the Croakies were in my gear rather than on my glasses so the trip around Cape May became rather an expensive lesson in technique and in being prepared for the worst. When do we go again, Carl?

Lessons in the Surf ~2

In March, I went on a circumnavigation of Cape May with Carl White and Gil Muller. It was an easy trip because Carl did an excellent job of piloting. The trip was about 15 miles, and the current carried us 3 of them. That left us with only 12 miles of paddling. Carl studied the books on tidal currents (he recommends Eldridge), and scheduled the trip so that they were always working in our favor. "Go with the flow," says Carl. If you want to know how to do it, talk to him.

Since we were working with a schedule imposed on us by the tides, we landed on the beach at the Municipal Auditorium at Cape May to have lunch and kill time until the tide started flowing into the Cape May inlet and the canal. That is where the fun began!! Carl, being the leader and obliged to show how it is done, led the way, and Gil followed, trying to follow not only Carl's path, but his example.

The wind was blowing from the southeast, a little north of perpendicular to the shore. There are a number of groins sticking out into the ocean from the beach, which serve as breakwaters, but the wind was blowing almost di-

rectly along them. That meant that we really had no protection from the surf when we landed. We stayed as close as we could to the south side of the groins for maximum protection, but the waves were running high right along their side.

I watched Gil paddle in close to the groin, and saw him lift up on a wave that had built to about 6 feet high. The wave broke as he neared the top, and he started surfing it. In keeping with the immutable laws of physics, the wave broached him (pushed him crossways), and flipped him over to the land side. I have had the same thing happen to me many times, but I never saw it so clearly as I did then.

Gil was lucky! The water was only about 4 feet deep where he spilled, and Carl was already out of his boat and ready to help. Even so, it is real work getting a swamped boat to shore safely through the surf. Especially when the water is only about 45 degrees (Fahrenheit, that is).

After Gil took his spill, a wave hit me. I back paddled until it passed by, and then paddled like hell. The next wave had already broken when it hit me, but it still had some muscle. I steered as well as I could, but the wave still broached me. I braced out to sea, and rode the broken wave sideways, right to the beach. It took quite a few waves before I got into water that was shallow enough that I could get out of the kayak without the waves knocking it out from under me.

The physical explanation of what happens in the surf is quite simple. When a wave breaks, it pushes you toward the shore. If you are heading straight toward the shore, that is no problem, but if you are at an angle, there is a real problem. The wave pushes you over still water, which drags against your boat's bottom. If you are parallel to the wave (broached), that drag tries to roll you over toward shore. The wave exerts its force on your stern first, so it will always tend to turn you across the wave. That means that if you just let yourself go in a breaking wave, you will first be broached, and then will be rolled toward the shore.

You can steer so that you do not get broached. All you have to do is to lean out far enough that you can steer away from the side that your paddle is on. That is easier in a white water boat, which is designed so that the water can't get much of a grip on the ends. If you really put power into your steering, you can turn yourself across

the wave. Then the wave tries to turn you in the other direction, and rolls you right over your paddle. All you have to do is to switch your paddle to the other side when that happens. It is easy, once you have tried it and gone swimming a few times.

In an ocean kayak, you are almost certain to get broached when you land in a surf, since the same hull design that makes for tracking in a chop makes for a good grip of the waves on the hull. That is no problem if you know how to handle it. You brace out to sea!!! Into the wave that is trying to turn you over!!! Bracing means that you lean on your paddle in such a way that it supports your weight on top of flowing water. You lean out of your kayak and your weight is supported by your paddle. In a strong breaking wave, your boat is up on edge and your weight is all on the paddle.

Another way to handle the surf is to back in. You face out to sea, and back paddle. When you see a wave approach, you paddle out to sea through it. After the wave passes, you back paddle to take yourself toward shore. In order to do this, you must be able to paddle backwards on a predetermined course. If you can break out to sea through a breaking wave, you never have to surf one, but you miss most of the fun!

Going back out to sea through the surf is easy, but it tends to be wet. On this occasion, the chart which Carl had attached to his deck with shock cord was washed away by a wave that broke over his bow when he paddled out through the surf. This caused us some embarrassment later on when we needed the chart to find our way into the canal from Cape May Harbor. I took 3 big breakers in the face before I got past them.

I don't know how big the waves are that can be handled by these methods. Dowd does not say in his book "Sea Kayaking", although he does distinguish between various types of surf. Maybe there is no limit as long as the waves are not "dumpers", which are the kind that form on a very steep shore. He does not even try to surf breakers to the beach. He says to let the waves broach you, and brace out to sea.

The moral to this story is that you may be in considerable trouble if you don't know how to land in the surf. One way to avoid this trouble is to practice -- preferably under controlled conditions and in warm water. I try to get down to the beach at the Holgate section of the Brigantine Wildlife Refuge at least once a year for practice.

CAPE MAY PUBLIC ACCESS

Carl and his companions launched their boats from a public park beach near the ferry terminal. Take the Garden State Parkway exit for Cape May/Lewes Del. Ferry and follow ferry signs until they direct you sharp left into the terminal. Continue straight on past this turn into the terminal to the end of the road where you'll find a small park with parking and a sandy beach on the Delaware Bay side of the tip of Cape May.

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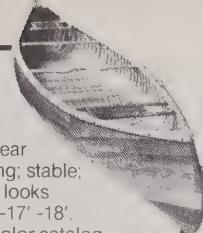
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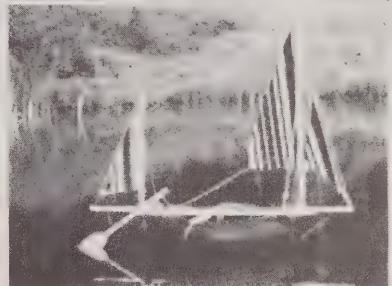
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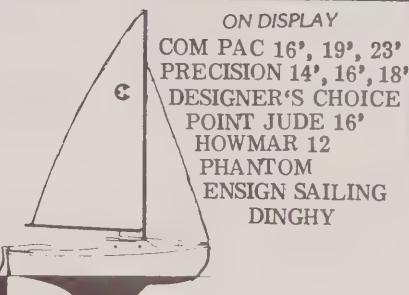
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Pedal Power

Many readers may recall the appearances at the Small Boat Show in Newport of several types of pedal-powered boats. Gary Hoyt's WAT-ERBUG is a very sophisticated ballasted craft that is offered in single seater enclosed or open versions and now in a multi-seat open version. It's a displacement hull and quite dry and stable. The semi-reclining position for the "powerplant" operator provides maximum ability to get leg muscle power into the pedals. Gary has had his craft at the Show the last two years freely offering tryouts to anyone walking up. It's pretty safe.

Another safe sort of pedalcraft is the double pontoon type with the pedaller (and sometimes a companion also) up on a truncated bike frame midway between the hulls. This is an amusement park sort of craft, not very fast but pretty stable in flat water on ponds. Pretty boring, too.

The most exciting of these pedalboats was the SEA SABER from California, a 21' hull very much like a rowing shell with a shorter outrigger pontoon. The designer and builder, Jon Knapp, entered it in the small boat race where it went head to head against a two-man racing shell. The nearly dead heat finish was spoiled by a fishing boat backing in front of the two boats, causing Knapp to swerve and tip over. Knapp's boat holds the absolute record for the 36 mile ocean race from Catalina Island to Marina del Ray, CA, 5 hours, 8 minutes, besting all sorts of oar powered and paddle powered boats. He's onto something for sure.

Jon Knapp's use of pedal power in a boat is a current application of getting the human leg muscles into full play powering vehicles on land, in the air and on the water. The Gossamer Albatross aircraft, first human powered aircraft to cross the English Channel, is

one manifestation. But, this is no new idea, just another time around for a bygone concept.

According to the SOUTHERN VETERAN CYCLE CLUB BULLETIN (a British pedalbike journal of by-gone years) getting pedal power onto the water was very big in the 1890 heydays of watercycles. In a match on the Thames, three men on a triple watercycle covered 101 miles from Putney to Oxford in 19:27:50 while a triple crewed rowing scull took 22:0:28 to do the same route, about 2.5 hours longer! The English Channel was crossed by a tandem watercycle, Dover to Calais, in 7:15. A six-place watercycle reached a speed of 15 mph on the Seine, powered by a team of women. "Hydrocycles" manufactured by L.A. Moulton of Michigan were advertised as being capable of 10 mph. In all these instances from nearly 100 years ago, the pedal craft were easily faster than the best oar powered efforts in similar circumstances.

So the SABER isn't a new notion, but an update of an old one with modern design concepts utilized. The key to the speed is not only the long narrow hull, but the propellor designed for maximum thrust at relatively low rpm as compared to motor driven propellers.

The SABER isn't something a "boat" person can really love, though, it's more appealing to the serious bicycle addict without pre-conceptions about what makes a "proper" boat. Knapp and his partner, Tom Higgins, have come up with a couple of alternatives to cater to this circumstance. One is a rather more conventional looking boat, WHISTLE. The second is a pedal power kit one can install into a variety of small conventional

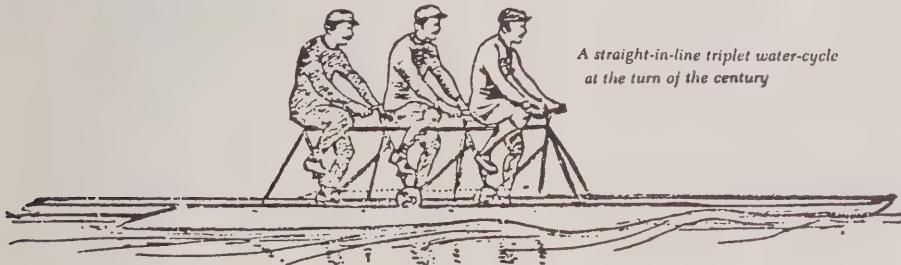


watercraft.

WHISTLE is a 14' open boat with ample freeboard, something one could envision being rowed. Within it sits a seat and pedal crank drive unit. The latter drives a prop shaft to one of those high-efficiency, low rpm props mounted onto a rudder that can slide vertically, allowing the boat to be beached with the rudder and prop and shaft all rising up from the bottom as it is touched. The shaft has a universal joint to permit this. The 15" prop on WHISTLE is a bit smaller and "lower geared" than the 18" racing prop on SEA SABER, intended for easy paddling about with ease and quiet, whilst looking where one is going.

The drive unit designed for WHISTLE is adaptable to canoe, kayak, shell or dory type hulls, and so Saber Craft markets it as a unit for the home modifier. It's a \$350 setup, but you get what you need (no seat nor rudder due to the differences in the types of hulls it will adapt to). SEA SABER and WHISTLE are currently priced at \$1,795 ready to go.

Saber Craft is at 1501 West Dry Creek, Healdsburg, CA 95448, (707) 431-7063, if you'd like to inquire into their boats further..



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Sea Saber holds the fastest record (time 5:08) for any boat in the 36 mile race from Catalina to Marina del Rey (world's longest open water race). She places 1st overall in nearly every race entered, including classes of 2-4 man rowed boats, kayaks, etc. In Seattle, at the Cross Sound Race, Sea Saber placed 1st overall in a field of 200 boats of all types

Sea Saber is not designed for just racing, it is easily driven at any speed whether the conditions are calm or not. In a pedal craft, the operator faces forward so you can see where you're going (our racing experience has shown this to be a great advantage over rowing). Steering is done by a vertical rudder located under the seat. Perhaps her most exhilarating feature is her uncanny ability to ride waves when running with the sea swell. Against wind and waves her large 18" slow turning propeller really gets traction

U-Joint
• Flexible joint to help straighten propeller shaft inclination to maximize prop efficiency. Also acts as a pivot point to allow propeller retraction (in Whistle)

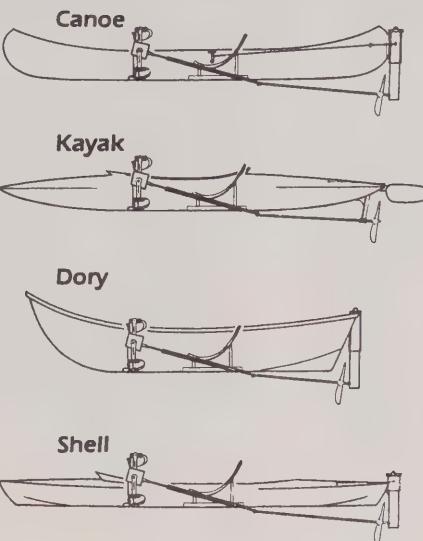


Gear Box
• Four to one ratio gearing
• Precision steel gears
• lightweight alloy housing
• Ball bearings
• Stainless shafting with cotterless cranks and pedals

Rudder (Whistle)
• Retractable, with sleeve and bushing

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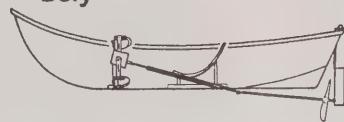
Canoe



Kayak



Dory



Shell



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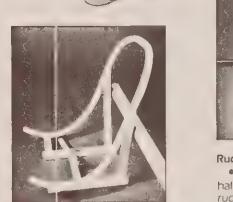
She can be rowed, sailed and cartopped. Prices start at \$950. For more information, contact master shipwright, Peter Sylvia:

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Hull Length
Hull beam
Pontoon length
Pontoon beam
Overall beam
Total weight

21'
11'
9'
4'
8'
50lb



Seat
• Heli-arc'd aluminum frame
with wa-erproof
breathable fabric



Rudder (Sea Saber)
• Fiberglass construction using
half inch hollow stainless
rudder shaft

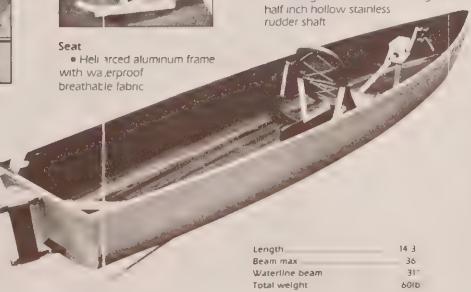
Propellers

- Racing Prop - 18" diameter fiberglass racing prop, used on Sea Saber
- Whistle Prop - 15" diameter power prop, good for dinghys, dories, kayaks, etc

Whistle

Whistle is a handsome, sleek, efficient boat for multi-purpose use. She uses the same gearing as Sea Saber but with a specially designed 15" retractable propeller. The rudder sleeve is mounted on the transom to allow the rudder, shaft and propeller to be drawn up for beaching or cleaning

The result is the hottest, lightest 14' boat around. Whistle can't be beat for quiet trolling, duck hunting or just for the fun of boating and exercise. Your hands are generally free (rudder can be left as set, and will not move to handle gear or eat an apple while you move through the water quickly, silently. Even when loaded with gear and passengers, Whistle will whiz by conventional canoes and rowboats like Sea Saber. Whistle also has an uncanny ability to ride waves when running with a swell. When strong head winds discourage paddling or rowing, Whistle is out there chugging merrily along. Whistle can also be ordered as a canoe, sliding seat rowboat, or low power outboard (with or without the pedal propulsion system).



Length
Beam max
Waterline beam
Total weight

14.3'
36'
31'
60lb



SUMMER 1986



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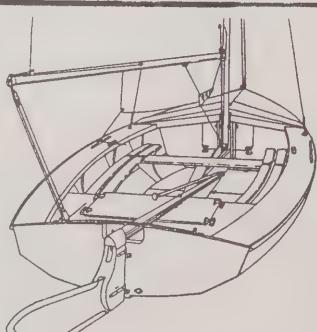
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MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS



Report by Carl Erickson

Carl Erickson

AND HOW ABOUT THE TIME ...

My binoculars picked out a double canoe off the rocks at Lane's Cove in Gloucester, MA. Its deeply tanned helmsman came about and headed for the entrance through the rocks. Richard Taylor had taken two Coleman 15' canoes and secured them side-by-side with three 2x4's bolted through the stamped aluminum gunwales. A plywood deck between the canoes supported a daggerboard fitted through a slot. An aluminum pole supported a leg-o-mutton sail and a jib was set flying on a cord secured to each bow.

The 2x4 supports made the canoe seats useless so a conning position was established on the rear 2x4 with a canoe paddle rudder completing the rig. This outfit added up to about \$400-\$500 total cost.

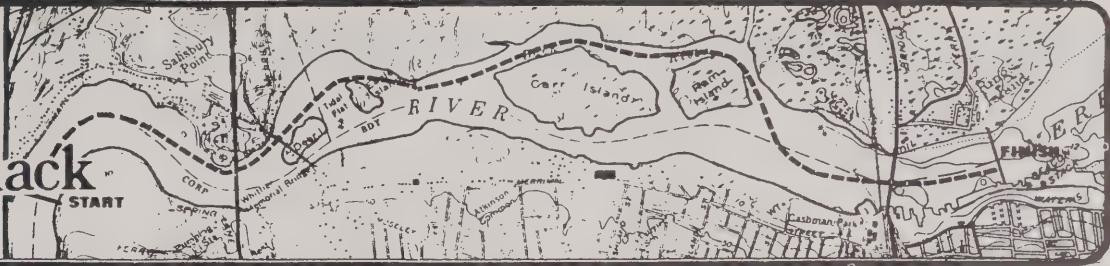
"I originally had a cat schooner rig on one canoe," said Richard, "but I spent some time in Hawaii and the idea of a south seas craft appealed to me." Richard likes to experiment. He may restep the mast and cut a new daggerboard slot and sail the opposite way. In that way, more of the canoes will be behind the after supports and it should "tramp" less. Richard's craft had been launched a week earlier, and other refinements are in the works. A long steering oar set in mid-platform is next. The fact that the entire craft can be assembled in a half-hour appeals to the skipper. He feels a sand bag which can be shifted about for better weight distribution would be helpful.

After having experienced life at sea in the engine rooms of refrigerator ships, this new carefree, low cost cruising must be pure pleasure for Richard. He feels that if one canoe is good, two are better. "There's nothing more fun than messing about in boats and that's a fact," says Richard.

Richard Taylor can be contacted at Box 2, Lanesville, MA 01930 if you'd like to know more about this craft.



The Mighty Merrimack Race



There was no powerboat wake at the finish line of this year's Mighty Merrimack River Race to upset Doug Pinciaro's overall win in his Alden Trainer sliding seat shell. Last year Doug was within 100 yards of victory when he was swamped by the wake of a passing powerboat on the busy Newburyport (MA) waterfront. A swamped Alden cannot be successfully rowed, even 100 yards. Just in case, this year Doug had taped on some "decks" of plastic sheet.

Gloomy skies and early day rains didn't stop 43 participants in 21 boats from entering the 3.5 mile downriver race. But something was wrong with the tide! At the start in Amesbury, the river was still running upstream at a good clip. Not yet top of the tide. But off they went, anyway, and in a half mile, the narrow channels under the old Chain Bridge still had

strong upstream tidal currents to overcome. After that it eased off in the broader areas along the marshy north shore of the river. And boat traffic under the old U.S. Rt. 1 bridge in Newburyport was minimal on this cool gray afternoon.

While Pinciaro bested his nearest challenger (and second fastest overall) Henry Szostek in a brand new custom built "cruising shell" by about 2.5 minutes, the real contest of the day was between the Piscataqua River Wherries of Jon Aborn/Mel Ross and Dan O'Reilly/Steve Emery. Aborn used to row his own home built Swampscott dory but now he has a boat just like O'Reilly's. Ross used to team with Dan in past races. It was close all the way, the O'Reilly/Emery boat led under the Chain Bridge near the start, hugging the rocky shore to get out of the still adverse current, but at the finish

it was Aborn/Ross by 27 seconds, something of an upset in this particular corner of rowing competition.

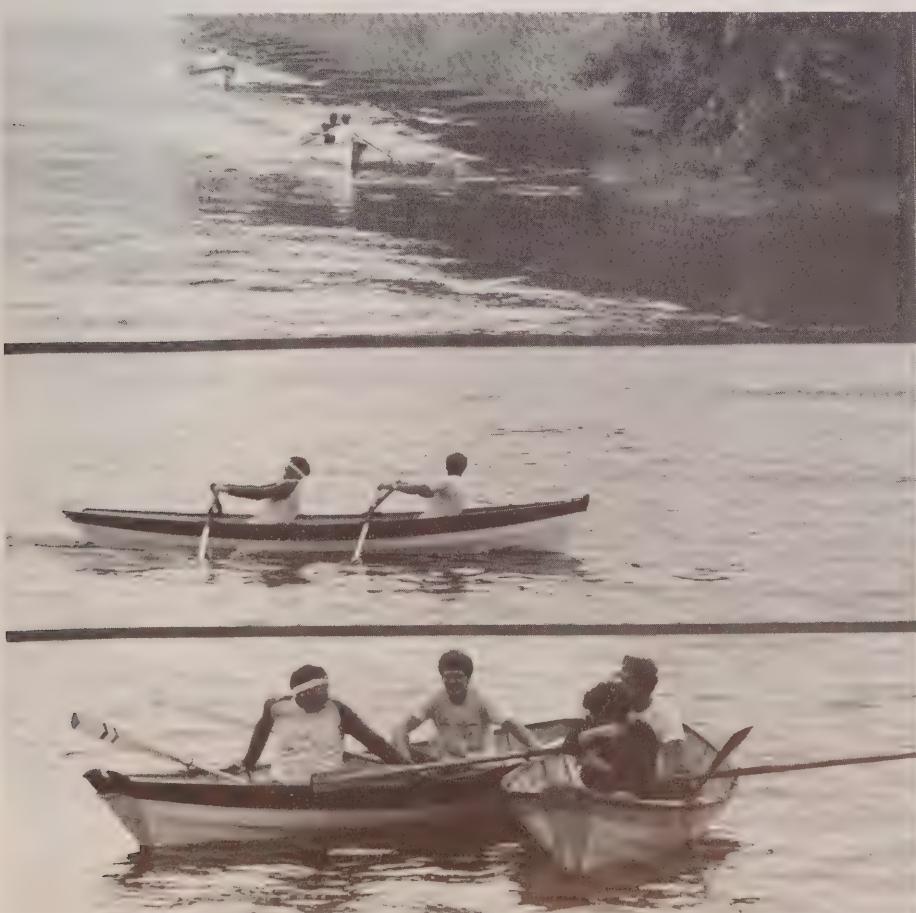
Jeannette Denby and Penny Herland won the multi-crew sliding seat class. Yes, they were the only entrants, but Jeannette got it into perspective after the finish as she shouted over to a well-wisher on the docks, "I think we're first female double with forward facing oars to finish." Certainly their boat, built by Jeannette and Jim Forrest, offers an uncommon sight on the water, two persons pulling hard on long sculls, facing AHEAD, with the sculls jointed at the outrigger pivots like some sort of giant insect legs. It works, they were timed in about 5 minutes slower than Pinciaro and 6th fastest overall.

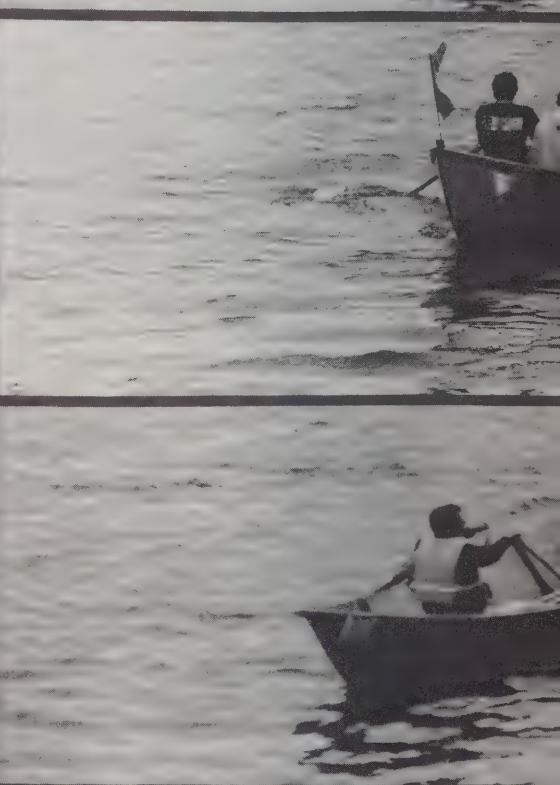
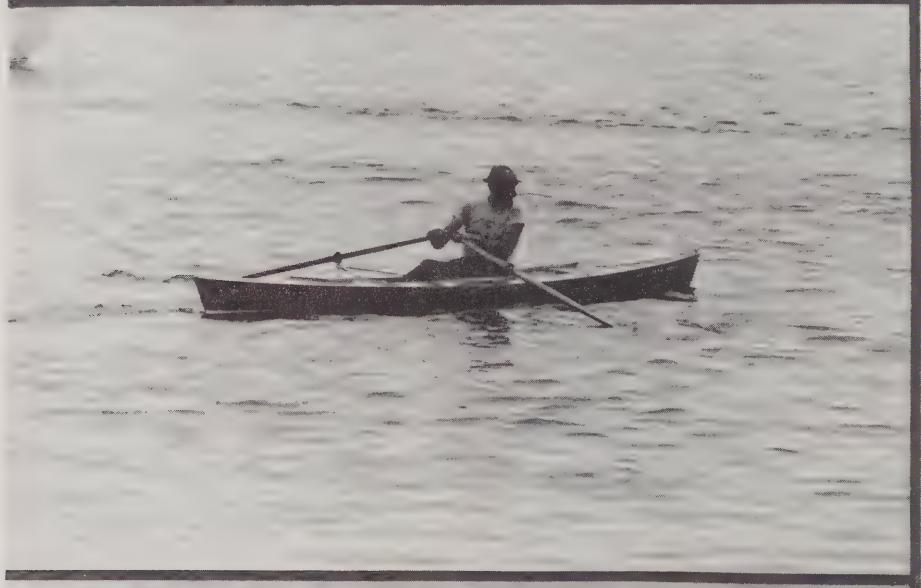
The kids from Triton Regional Tech had several great big tall Banks dories on hand, two crewed by girls. One of the latter was one person short and a young woman from amongst the onlookers at the Amesbury ramp was recruited on the spot. Triton is planning on building one of the multi-oar batteaus for 1987 to contest the Hull and Cambridge Rindge & Latin crews. For this day, though, it was bang away against that tidal current, and one boat ended up with one boy rowing, three others riding, after an oar was broken enroute.

A lot of women took part, nice to note, 14 against 29 men. Those Triton crews added up fast, but several solo women efforts were made too. Pam Stickney placed third in traditional wooden dory and Betsey Shreve won fixed seat single. Laurie King and Beverly Graham placed 4th in traditional wooden dory multi-crew in one of Lowell's smaller boats, a change from their season of crewing on the big French gig, LIBERTE'.

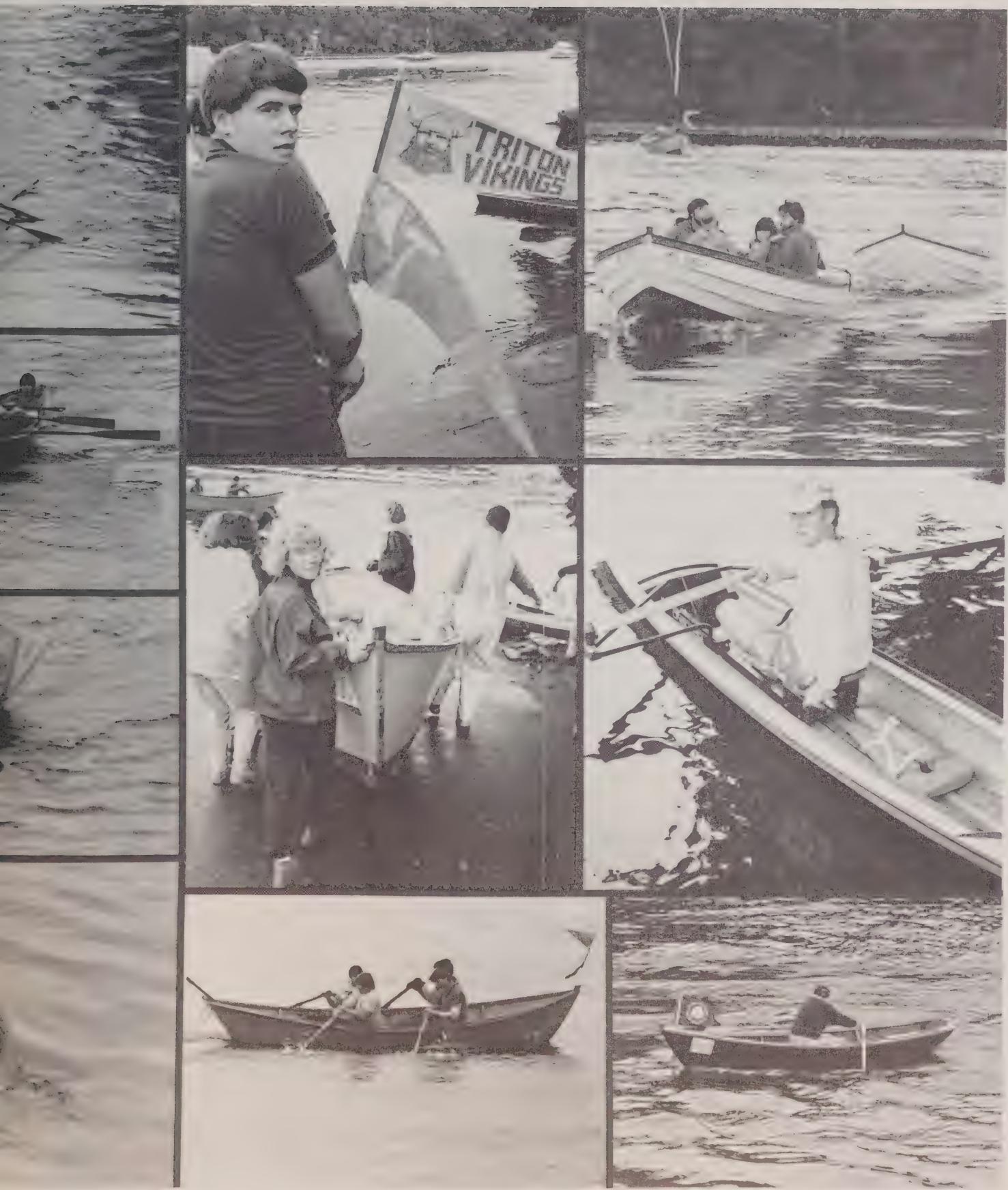
It was a rowing race, there was one kayak along for the fun of it. Lots of oars in a variety of pulling boats, plastic recreational shell to slab sided Banks dory. This race has an aura of fun about it without any overtones of grim-lipped seriousness. Good fun, put on by the nice folks of the Custom House Maritime Museum in Newburyport. Come next year, you'll like it.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

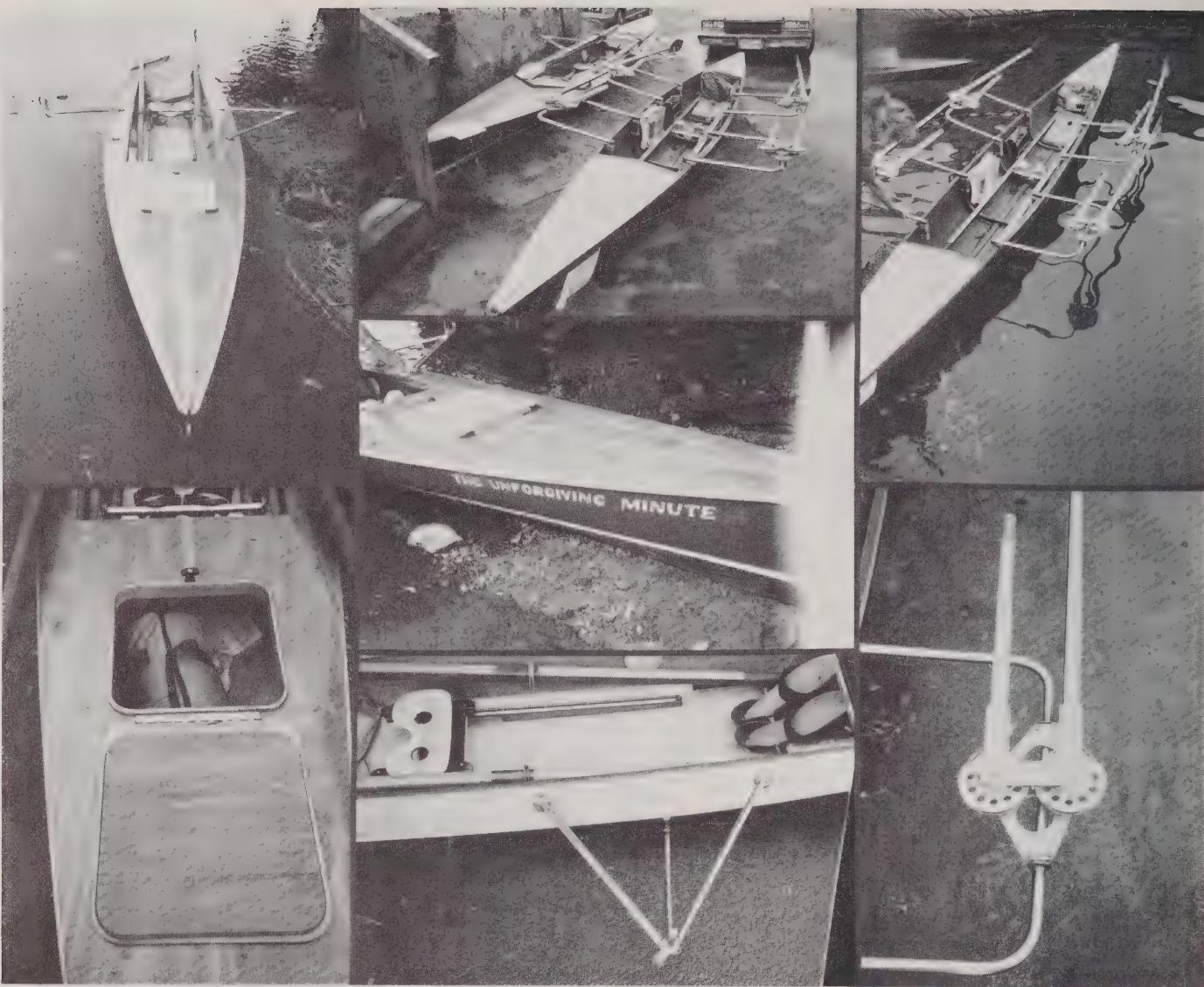




Left from top: Doug Pinciaro set fastest time this year, avoided last year's finish line swamping. Henry Szostek's new "cruising shell" was second fastest finisher. Jeannette Denby and Penny Herland in the unusual forward facing shell Jeannette and Jim Forrest have designed and built. Center left from top: Tops in the multi-crewed traditional wooden dory class was this big Lowell dory, three and a cox, Roger Foster, Mark Janos, Richard Fyler and Steve Schuster. First of the Triton School crews to finish in their Banks dory, Richard Burke, Jonathan Burke, Steve Lowell and Steve Callery. Thomas Stonehill rowed this very tall plywood dory alone. Laurie King and Beverly Graham rowed this Lowell Atlantic, a change from crewing on the LIBERTE'.



Center right from top: The Triton School was out in force with three big Banks dories. Readyng to launch, launching, and going for it at the finish. Right from top: Lowell's Boat Shop is nearby the start, here Jim's motor dory tows a rowing version to the start. Mark Trafton rowed this modified Herreshoff double paddle canoe fitted with the Onboard sliding rigger. The short length handicapped him against the 20' shells. Pam Stickney pulling hard in her traditional wooden dory.



It happened that two very interesting sliding seat boats ended up side by side at the ramp at the end of the Mighty Merrimack River Race in Newburyport, MA. Top center photo above shows Henry Szostek's latest "cruising shell" on the left and the Jeannette Denby/Jim Forrest recreational double on the right. Both are home designed and built by amateurs, both have a very high degree of sophistication. These are not your simple homemade boats.

Top left photo shows Henry's boat head on. It measures 19'10"x34" and weighs 145 lbs, about 50 lbs. less than his earlier boat. It is of strip built construction in Port Orford cedar and epoxy with a kevlar cloth outer coat. Henry feels it is still overbuilt but the concept is for extended cruising along the seashore and Henry wanted to be sure of his craft's ability to withstand the sea.

The lower left photo shows the foredeck hatch and storage/buoyancy compartment. There's another hatch into the stern compartment through the cockpit's rear bulkhead. Both compartments provide much storage space in a watertight

Home Built Class

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

environment. So much buoyancy exists that Henry was unable to swamp the boat while aboard, even by deliberately falling out and climbing back in. He had to bail water into it to fill the cockpit and then it floated high with plenty of freeboard, even after he got back into it.

The middle center photo shows the name, taken from a Rudyard Kipling poem. The middle lower photo details the cockpit setup. Everything you see was designed and built by Henry. He operates his own precision machine shop so the metal bits come to hand for him as easily as the wooden construction. It's all stainless steel, nylon plastic and hardwood, built for Henry's 6'6" frame. The oars are also his own construction.

The top right photo is a look at the Denby/Forrest boat. The obvious novelty is the use of thrust reversing "knuckle joint" oars to allow the oarspersons to face in the direction they are going. This rig is mounted on a hull that measures 20'x24" and weighs 100 lbs. It is cold molded veneer and epoxy composite construction. Jeannette and Jim built it all, as well as having designed it.

The bottom right photo shows the detail of the thrust reversing mechanism. It is of stainless steel fabrication, and uses cables for the thrust transfer, around grooved pulleys. They've had a lot of problems getting this to work well, but this present permutation seems to have achieved their objective. Underway the craft looks strange with the oars operating like waterbug legs, and the oarspersons facing forward. But it moves well and seems to have less of that "lurching" that sliding seat boats display underway.

Creativity in small boat building is alive and well even in the more exotic field of sliding seat rowing.



Brenda's Canoe Farm

Report and Photos by Bob Hicks

It really is a farm. Well, an old, tumbledown place that once was a farm. Now the barnyard is occupied by a large rack of canoes with the odd kayak amongst them. A sign by the open barn door indicated "Office", another on the house warned, "Beware of Dog". So we went to the office. Nobody in. All open, lots of paddling gear on display in the fresh air showroom. The rear roof of the barn was pretty much open to the skies, remains of last winter's plastic patchwork still sagging in place here and there. So we went outside and up back to a rack of sea kayaks.

The Canoe Farm sells the Banook Sea Ranger, a boat we'd not yet seen close up, and as they are only about 25 miles from us, a visit seemed easy enough. The Sea Ranger turned out to be one of those British sports sea kayaks, 17' long but only 21" wide, with a very flat rear deck and a small cockpit with the typical British seat molded to someone's backside back at the factory. The ends rise up, the boat has a pronounced sheer

line, and the underbody is a shallow vee from the keel up to well rounded bilges. Looked very tippy and also very tight fitting (for me, at 6', 175 lbs.).

Brenda Buja then came out to greet us from the house. She's a very enthusiastic, vivacious young woman of the outdoor sort. She runs The Canoe Farm summers (and some during the pre-Christmas season too) selling canoes to those who desire them while paddling kayaks for her own pleasure. That led to her taking on the Aquaterra for the would-be sea kayaker and then the Sea Ranger for the more experienced.

"Yes, it's quite a small boat," she agreed, "in fact it's a bit tight for anyone over about 135 lbs and 5'6" tall". Brenda loves it, she's well inside those overall dimensions. Her husband, at 6', 175 lbs (my size) happens to enjoy it too, she says, but most bigger folk find it just too tight to get into. One of our regular readers who is making a switch over from sliding seat rowing to double paddling, Lydia

Brenda easily carries the 35 lb Banook, it's just her size.



Grew, rhapsodizes about her outings in the Banook. "It's just right for me," she summarizes it. How does she know this, with little prior sea kayak experience? "Oh, I've done whitewater kayaking, but it's mostly just the feel of the boat," she says. "Some of the others I've tried feel too big for me, too bulky, I rattle around in them too much."

Lydia saw the Canoe Farm ad in BOATS a while back and went over to see Brenda. She ended up taking in a couple of Brenda's kayak trips. These were to have been held on nearby Great Bay, but Brenda said she ended up taking them over to Kittery Point in Maine. "Fort Foster has a beach for cartop boats (mostly windsurfers) that's pretty well sheltered for launching. It provides access right around a point to the open ocean conditions of the chosen day or, alternatively, the sheltered waters of Pepperell Cove and Chauncey Creek." Brenda charged \$35 for a trip, all necessary gear included (boat too).

The Canoe Farm is on busy Rt. 125 in Kingston, NH, some 20 miles inland from the coast. This is a major route north to many small lakes in southeastern New Hampshire and the drop-in trade in canoes is what supports the venture. "This place is a great location for that," Brenda explained, "people who vacation on these lakes and ponds make great impulse buyers of canoes." Her "loss leader" sign announced, "Canoes from \$350", but she said she has to adjust that now as she's lost her supplier for the bottom end of the line. The sea kayaks don't sell to passers-by, people will come a long way to buy the sea kayak they want. "I sold a Banook to a man from Kittery as a result of my ad in BOATS," she explained. The Banook sells for about \$975 unequipped. Brenda doesn't try to stock equipped kayaks, she'd rather let the buyer determine what auxiliary equipment he wants and offers a 10% discount on gear ordered for any boat bought from her.

The old barn may not stand up to another heavy snow winter, so Brenda keeps her boats outside year-round on the racks. "It's low overhead," is her explanation for doing business in the rundown old farm. But, it has a certain ambience for anyone who likes old New England. Leaning buildings, sagging rooflines, missing windows, all signs of hard times of bygone years, now provide a funky backdrop for the good times promised by Brenda's assortment of kayaks and canoes and her plans for 1987 kayak trips. She's at 142 Rt. 125 in Kingston, NH 03848, (603) 642-8064. But call before visiting now that the full-time summer season is over.

We both slept soundly till some time past daybreak. Joe roused me by the noise he made in turning over the false bottom board in front of the locker, to get at the fish, which had been left there in a couple of inches of salt water which we had ladled in, to keep them from drying.

I turned out, too; the sun wasn't shining, but the morning seemed pleasant, with spaces of blue sky showing between broad, misty clouds. The bay was nearly calm; how different it seemed from the mysterious region of the night before, with its vast, vague distances! And this was Dyer's Island, then; a low sandy stretch, most of which bore a thick, scrubby growth of coarse grass, bayberry, and some golden-rods and wild roses, among which twined the beach-pea vines, with their purplish blossoms. An insect chirp and hum arose; I wonder how they or their ancestors got here - in a strong wind, perhaps; 't isn't likely they made the voyage in a bird's crop, like the seeds of the plants. I've met grasshoppers, too, kicking away on the waves a mile or so from shore, and given them passage; maybe they'd have reached land without my help.

"Come on, you, if you've got dressed, and help clean these fish!" When this was done, we made a fire of driftwood, of which we found plenty, and fried our catch - for we'd brought a small frying pan this time - but the biggest two we saved; they were rather large for us to fry, and there was enough for one meal without them.

As we finished, the tide began to go down, and we hastened to push off the TRITON till she was about half in, and an easy shove would float her. Then we struck the tent, and got her in sailing trim, but there wasn't any very impetuous sailing in prospect, as there was only a very light, north-easterly air.

"See what a big periwinkle!" cried Joe.

"Yes, he's a rouser."

I stepped into the boat, near which the creature was slowly moving over the sand in four or five inches of water, and picked it up. The shapeless body, orange below and nearly black above, was distended from the opening of the shell; it now slowly contracted and disappeared within by degrees, and the door of its dwelling was finally closed by a shelly lid or disk, attached to the part last drawn in. It was as large a one as I ever saw - at least eight inches from end to end. It was covered with a rough, brown skin - the shell was, I mean - which was made still rougher by the short bristles that sprouted from it. The shells, which are cast up on the shore after the animal is

Adventures Down the Bay

Wallace P. Stanley, Author
H.N. Cady, Illustrator



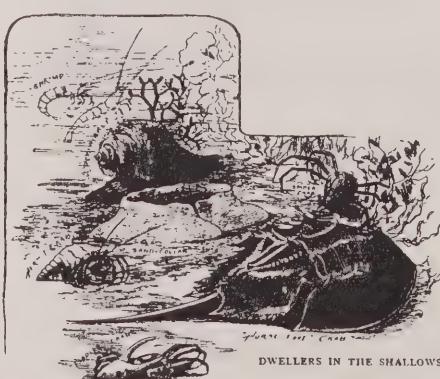
dead, look much nicer, as the skin wears and peels off, leaving a white surface varied with pink and bluish tints.

"There's another - two, three more! If they were only fit to eat, we might breakfast on them."

But Joe and I knew by previous trial, that the gristly substance of these shell-fish required the teeth of an alligator and the stomach of an ostrich to dispose of it successfully. So I tossed the creature back again; it tumbled helplessly to the bottom, where it lay on its side; but presently the horny lid or operculum began to move slowly outward, and by degrees the fleshy body protruded again, its weight when thus extended bringing the shell right side up, so that the broad "foot" could rest on the sand.

By the time the periwinkle took up its slow travels again, I had become interested in a much livelier customer, a hermit crab, which was scrambling about actively, his restless, flesh-colored legs making the black snail-shell he wore jog along the sand in a style which strongly contrasted with the sluggish movements of the many similar shells around, which were tenanted by their rightful owners.

He sidled along till I could reach out a finger and touch him, - Tchick! he shot back into the shell like lightning; I rolled it over, and there was his big claw and his second-best one all ready at the opening, with the rest of him out of sight; the little rascal wasn't more than an inch long at the outside. He couldn't keep still more than three seconds; when he began to emerge, he didn't come slowly and steadily, like the periwinkle, but in successive little jerks, and was stock-still between. In a moment or two he was ready for business again, with his dots of eyes sparkling saucily at the end of their stalks, and his long feelers, like a grasshopper's, nervously playing about. He scuttled off, and finally crawled under the edge of a "sand-collar" that lay a few feet from the boat. This collar was about number twelve size, I should think; they're curious things to see at the bottom, so different from anything else that's there. Somebody told me that eels



DWELLERS IN THE SHALLOWS.

made them; but in fact they are built by a kind of snail, which mixes its spawn with the sand, so that the combined mess will be too gritty to suit the fishes' taste, perhaps. If you're careful, you can pick them up and keep them whole, as long as they're wet; but when they are dry, the least touch makes them crumble.

There was a good chance to see what was going on under the surface, for it was still perfectly calm. Little fishes were flashing about; here and there were shrimp, like little transparent lobsters, waving their feelers, as long as themselves, and floating by in the slow tide-current; pop in a pebble, and they shoot themselves backward a yard or so, and stop again. They do it by suddenly crooking their tails forward, so 't is said; I wonder whoever had eyes quick enough to see it! I caught sight of part of the blue and white claw of a big edible crab, hiding under a patch of sea-weed; he was within reach of an oar, and I made a thrust at him. He must have been watching me, though; for he dodged and swam off endways like a streak, his legs extended fore and aft, except the paddle-shaped pair, which got in their work finely.

Two or three "spider crabs" were in view; these crawled slowly and awkwardly about, in very different style from their relatives just mentioned. Still more different was a "horse-foot", or "king crab", which came shuffling along the bottom with his spike-tail dragging behind; the body alone was more than a foot long, and if you'd never seen the creature before, you wouldn't be in a hurry to pick it up. There's nothing less able to hurt you, though; if you lift it by the sharp, slender, three-sided tail, all it can do is to bend together at the hinge in its back, and wiggle its legs feebly. There isn't much meat to the animal, for all the wide spread of the shell, and what there is doesn't incite human beings to hunt it; but chopped "horse-foot" will draw eels into a trap better than anything else known.

Joe had wandered some distance away down the shore; and I sauntered after him. The belt of dry sea-weed at high-water mark was alive with "sand-hoppers," which hopped in all directions as I stepped along. There were several dry and empty "horse-foot" shells scattered among the drift-wood, bottle-corks, and broken seine-floats; but they were young ones, three or four inches long, and of a light buff color, instead of dark, leathery brown like the full-grown ones. I stopped to pick up a string of flat cells of a crisp, parchment-like substance; they looked somewhat like the "rattles" of a rattle-snake, but when I had pulled the whole string clear of the

sand which half-buried it, it was plain that no rattler ever lived long enough to get up such a collection as that, half a yard long. Each cell was a little rattle of itself, as though partly filled with coarse sand.

I had seen objects like this before, and knew it for little periwinkle spawn. On ripping open one of the capsules, out dropped a score or so of perfect, tiny periwinkle-shells, each of which wasn't much larger than a pin-head. I carried this specimen with me, as they weren't met with very often.

Joe was catching "fiddlers." For the space of several yards the sandy shore was riddled with holes, as though somebody had been punching it with a cane. As I walked along, I could see the little fellows watching here and there, and dodging back as I came near. On my advancing beyond Joe's position, they scuttled wildly to cover as they felt the ground shake, holding up threateningly their one big claw, as long as themselves.

I found a short piece of stick, and followed Joe's example. The fiddlers always want to have a good look at you, so after the first dive they creep up to the mouth of the hole, and peer out with one eye, holding the big claw well to the fore, and secure in the knowledge of the long tunnel behind them. Now you jab your stick down so as to cross the course of the tunnel, just behind the fiddler - and that's how he "gets left."

If you pick them out adroitly, you can hold the claw so as to keep it from operating on you; though if it does, it's little matter. A good-sized one can give a pretty cordial nip if he catches you right, but not so as to cause bloodshed.

Experts say that tin coffee-pots are not fit to put coffee in; - but when mellowed by age they find an undisputed field as receptacles for fiddlers. One of these utensils was included in the TRITON's equipment, and Joe had it at hand. As the inmates scrambled hurriedly around, and tried to climb the inward-sloping wall, they made a constant rustle of tinkling scratches - a sound associated with many a fishing trip, for these active little crabs are the recognized bait for "tautog," which is rather unlucky for the fiddlers, and for the tautog, too, unless the fisherman has the ill-luck.

"There, now; we can row out and fish, if there isn't wind enough to sail," said Joe, at last "This is a first-rate place for fiddlers, if it isn't good for anything else."

"And if it hadn't been here, we'd have had to sail awhile longer last night before getting a chance to rest. Look! how's that for a hermit crab - there, close in shore?"

I stepped quickly forward as I spoke, and picked up a small peri-

winkle shell, about a couple of inches long, which held one of the largest crabs of his kind that I had seen. He shot back nearly out of sight, and continued to nervously advance and retreat as I carried him to the boat, where I half-filled the bailing-pan with water, and put him in.

We embarked, and Joe pulled to about half a mile northeast of the island, well over toward the shore of Aquiday; then we dropped anchor and began to fish. After five minutes without a bite, I turned my attention to the hermit crab, which was making the round of its narrow quarters. Taking a soft piece from the inside of the hapless fiddler which had been spitted on my hook, I presented it to the prisoner, who dodged back in alarm. I left the morsel within reach, and when he came forth again he seized it, after a moment's examination, and began feeding with neatness and despatch.

"Come, Joe! look here - see this little rascal eat!"

It held the piece down with the biggest claw, and tore bits from it with the next biggest, which it passed in regular succession to a range of little nippers around his mouth; this last was of a clawy nature, too, champing away like the ends of fingers patting each other. But the "greatest" was the way in which the first claw held and the second tore off, handily as a monkey.

"Well, whether or no 'dog will eat dog,' crab will eat crab, that's sure," commented Joe.

A light wind from the westward rippled the water soon after; and, as Joe's luck was no better than mine, he readily pulled up his line and the anchor, while I hoisted sail. We were wafted slowly to the north end of Coggleshall's Point, down the further side of which I now directed our course in search of a brook which emptied near by, according to the map, and which we duly found. On trial, we decided that it was fit to drink; and so we refilled the jug, which was getting rather low.

Then we again sailed northward, along the Aquiday shore. The wind was so light that we boomed the sail out with an oar to keep it from swinging inboard; but we were in no hurry.

"There's a fish-trap, ahead, you'll have to head further out," said Joe.

"Perhaps the net isn't spread," I returned.

He took a look through his glass. "Yes, it is, I can see where it's tied to the ends of the stakes."

"Well, the tide's so high, we might run over it. Still, I don't like to risk tearing it, if it IS an imposition; for I suppose those that set it think they have a right to."

These trap-seines, or "pound-nets," we encountered quite



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POUND NET.

often along the shores of the lower bay, where the bottom did not slope rapidly to deep water. A line of long poles was planted at intervals of thirty or forty feet, supporting a screen of nets leading out from the shore. Around the outer end of this, another set of stakes was placed in a large circle, and netting hung from these also. The fish, swimming along shore, turned outward when they came to this wall of meshes; and following it into the circle or "pound" through a narrow passage left for the purpose, were unable to find their way out again, but swam stupidly round and round the way in which the

nets pointed their noses, till the owner of the contrivance chose to collect them.

Since these traps became common, the fishing in the upper water of the bay had dwindled greatly, being reduced, in fact, to almost nothing, which occasioned much complaint. But talking left the stakes still in place; and, as the trap-owners had enough money and influence at command to prevent the enactment of laws hostile to their monopoly of the bay fishing, there was nothing left for others but to submit to the new order of things.

To be continued.

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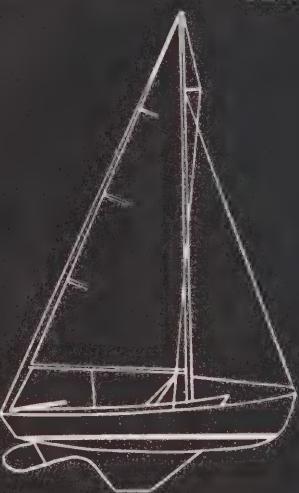


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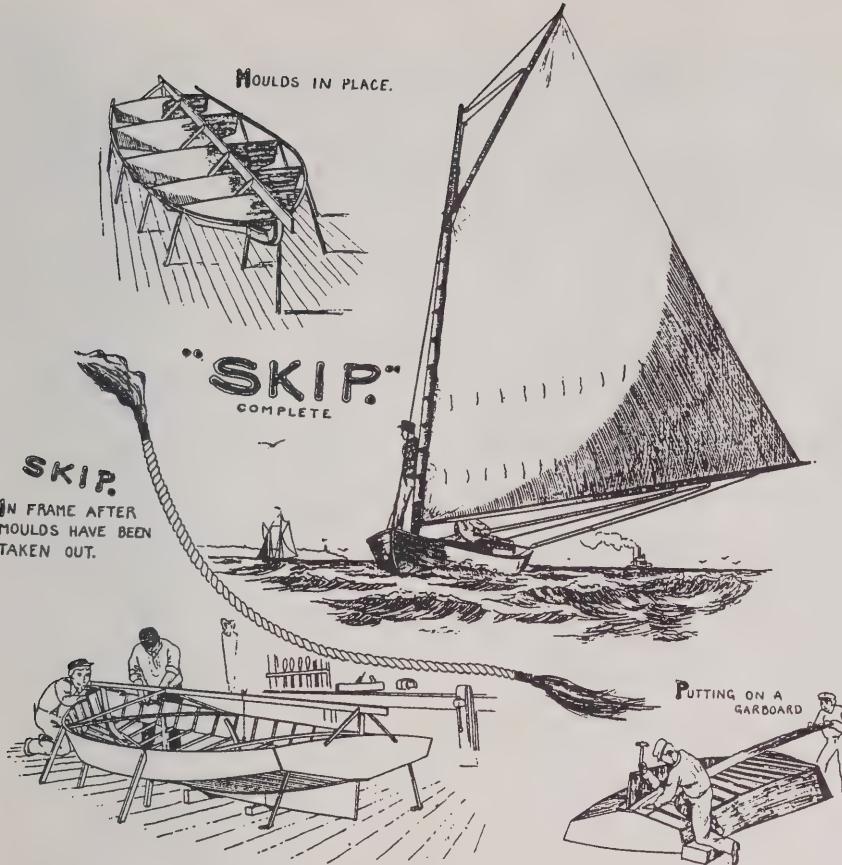


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Build a 1901 Skipjack

With the onset of winter imminent, it seemed a good time to start an ongoing series on building an interesting boat. Thanks to reader Dave Asquith we have a copy of a book published in 1901 on building a 19' skipjack. What's particularly interesting about it is not just the information on how to build this boat, but the manner in which such books were written then. The vernacular was different, just as it is in our ongoing ADVENTURES DOWN THE BAY series. I find it fascinating to read the words of 85 years ago addressing the subject still dear to many of us today, building a nice wooden boat.

The series will run through most of the winter, finishing up by early spring. It will include drawings, tables, etc., everything in the old book. I expect that few, if any, readers will actually undertake to build the boat, but past experience has shown me that people do like to READ about building an interesting boat. Certainly all that

sort of thing in WOODEN BOAT over the years has not resulted in hundreds of thousands of traditional wooden boats being built.

If, though, someone does decide to build this boat, here's everything you'll need to know provided, because in 1901 this was a very popular form of messing about in boats, building one from a book or a series of magazine articles. The series is organized chronologically just as you will proceed if you do build the boat. At the conclusion there'll be some feedback from readers of that time who did build to the original magazine series, and you'll find their comments quite fascinating. One has to really visualize how DIFFERENT the life style was in 1901, how much of what surrounds our everyday life today was completely absent, how basic still was technology then. That's the charm in this sort of thing for me. I hope you'll enjoy it.

HOW TO BUILD A SKIPJACK - 1901 INTRODUCTION

In the past the designs drawn and published for amateurs to build from were amateur-made, and consequently had that raw look which is almost invariably the hall-mark of non-professional work. The design being the father or mother, as you please, of the finished product, and not having improved in the

making, this kind of craft most generally looked like a home-made pair of boy's trousers. Then, again, the task was made more difficult for the amateur, owing to the original builder not having sufficient skill to get round the hard corners in the way of the man with small experience and few tools, by not having any corners.

Before getting out Skip we looked very carefully into these

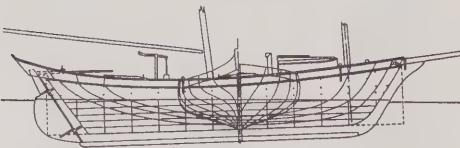
things; and having had much experience at amateur building and of amateur builders, we determined to make our craft one that any person with a small kit of tools and a slight touch of mechanical skill could build. For such a purpose the scow-shaped boat is the thing; but at the same time it was concluded that in order to give the vessel a yachtly look we must go into a-little-higher-and-harder-to-build type; so, after much talk, what is called the 'diamond bottom' was chosen.

This type is a fair compromise between the flat and round-bottom craft, and has the two-fold qualities of being easy to build and speedy to sail. Again, it is a comparatively cheap form of construction - you being able to get more boat for the same money than in any other shape, and at the same time have something that really looks like a yacht.

Knowing that this boat would be built and sailed by a number of young and inexperienced enthusiasts the designer made sure of her turning out a stiff craft; and such, rigged according to the sail plans given, she has proved to be. No father need be afraid to let his boy build a Skip for fear of a capsiz; if she is completed according to the plans she will carry all the sail that we have allotted to her without trouble. Of course, if to be used in a locality where the winds are exceptionally strong this sail plan can be reduced to fit the conditions, but for ordinary summer sailing on the coast-long and inland water of the United States and Canada, Skip has none too much cloth.

While we certainly expected that Skip would meet the popular want and be many times built, we had no idea she would become the rage she has. So far as we can find out something like a hundred of these boats have been turned out. We have personally inspected about two dozen and enjoyed a sail in several. Some that we have seen are excellent copies of the design. Many are fair, and a few, we regret to say, are a travesty. In every case that we know of, the bad ones are the result of the builder's efforts to improve upon the design, and the best are the result of a conscientious following of the original lines. We do not hold that Skip cannot be improved upon, but we do hold, that if you have sufficient knowledge and skill to really improve this design, you had better build a boat from your own lines, and not waste your time and talent touching up another man's work. If you build a Skip closely to the plans, and we will guarantee that you will have a satisfactory sailing boat, but if you see fit to depart from them and the craft turn out a partial failure, the sin be upon your own head.

WHAT'S HAPPENING?



THE ROCKPORT APPRENTICESHOP

ROCKPORT APPRENTICESHOP BOAT-BUILDING COURSE

The Rockport Apprenticeshop in Rockport, ME, is offering a month-long boatbuilding course meeting twice weekly on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, 7-9:30, to eight adult students, first come first served. The sessions run from October 28th through November 20th. Instructor is Apprenticeshop instructor Vern Spinoza. Fee is \$155, with \$45 up front wth your application, the balance upon arrival at the first class.

The outline of the course is as follows: Introduction; Lofting; Setting Up; Planking; Framing; Outfitting for Sail; Interior Work; Finishing. The course is aimed at the beginner level, whether or not one possesses basic woodworking skills. To register or obtain further details, contact the Rockport Apprenticeshop, Sea St. Rockport, ME 04856, (207) 236-6071.



MCKC PADDLING

The Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club of Brooklyn, NY, has a fall schedule of canoeing planned. If you're interested in these events and this club, contact the club at P.O. Box 1868, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

OCTOBER 18-19: Class II-III whitewater on Lehigh River, camping but no canoe rentals. Call Bill Simon at (212) 734-8605 eves.

OCTOBER 25-26: Shenandoah Canoe Co. Auction at Luray, VA. Buy a boat or gear, paddle Class I-II water. Rentals available. Call Chris Nielsen at (201) 584-6022 days.

MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM



MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM WINTER CLASSES

The Apprenticeshop at the Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, Me, has scheduled a series of ten evening workshops on various traditional boat building and maintenance skills to run from mid-October through mid-April of 1987. All but one are in two three-hour sessions on weekday evenings. Seven are at the Percy & Small Shipyards in Bath, three others are at the instructors' facilities.

The tentative schedule is as follows:

OCTOBER 21-22: Surveying Wooden Boats with Jan Bijouwer.

NOVEMBER 11-12: Half Hull Model Building.

DECEMBER 3-4: Taking Lines with Dave Dillion.

JANUARY 6: Efficient Use of Hand Tools with Sam and Susan Manning.

JANUARY 27-28: Strip Planking with Dick Pulsifer (at his shop in Brunswick, ME).

FEBRUARY 4-5: Recanvassing Your Wooden Canoe with Rollin Thurlow.

FEBRUARY 18-19: Sail Repair & Maintenance with Nat Wilson (at his loft in East Boothbay, ME).

MARCH 11-12: Caulking with John Maritato.

APRIL 1-2: Painting & Finishing with Paul Bryant (at his Riverside Boatyard).

APRIL 22-23: Oarmaking with John Burke.

Sessions run 7-10 p.m. evenings. Fee per workshop is \$35 (non-members of MMM). For \$300 you can do the whole thing. For more details and registration information, call Maine Maritime Museum at (207) 443-1316.

The ASH BREEZE
Journal of the Traditional Small Craft Association

COLLECTIVE MEMBER & SUBSCRIPTION: \$10.00

In This Issue Election Ballot, Skinning-Seat Boats, Doodles and Diagrams, Members' Book Reviews, and more.

ASH BREEZE

Any reader interested in traditional small craft who is not yet a member of the Traditional Small Craft Association, would do well to look into that organization. Their quarterly newsletter, ASH BREEZE, has blossomed out in the hands of editor Ralph Notaristefano into an enjoyable chronicle of old time small boats. You might request a sample copy from Ralph at 3 Jay Ct., Northport, NY 11768. The Spring 1986 issue, with a lot of good stuff on sliding seat rowing of traditional small pulling boats, might be a good one to ask for.



RC MODEL YACHT RACING CALENDAR

Radio controlled model yacht racing winds up its 1986 season with the following events:

OCTOBER 18: MYRRA, M Class, Central Park, NY, Madeline Tucker, (212) 874-0656.

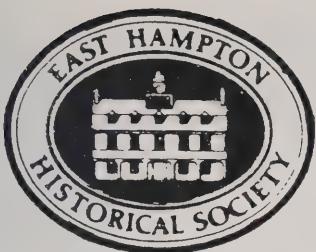
OCTOBER 19: Frostbite Series, M Class, Marblehead, MA, Gene Thober, (617) 631-0797.

OCTOBER 26: Millpond Invitational, 36/600 Class, Port Washington, NY, Edward Helme, Jr., ((516) 883-8453).

NOVEMBER 1: Eastern Division Championships, 10R Class, Port Washington, NY, Ed Helme, Jr., (516) 883-8453.

NOVEMBER 9: Veterans Day 4-Hour Enduro, Any Boat, Needham, MA, Jack Sullivan, (617) 668-7163.

NOVEMBER 15: Jive Turkey, Any Boat, Central Park, NY, Madeline Tucker, (212) 874-0656



EASTHAMPTON MUSEUM NOVEMBER COURSES

Redjeb Jordania sends on the following list of courses being offered at the Boat Shop of the Easthampton (NY) Maritime Museum in Easthampton, NY:

NOVEMBER 8-9: Care and Repair of Wooden Boats, two full days (9 a.m. to 4 p.m.) on the subject. Fee is \$65.

NOVEMBER 15-16: Lofting, a similar full weekend devoted to this subject. You can suggest your own craft for your lofting practice if you contact Redjeb before November 1st. Fee is \$65.

NOVEMBER 22-23: Methods in Wooden Boatbuilding, the third full two day weekend, this one on a variety of basic techniques used in wooden boatbuilding. Fee is \$65.

For more details or registration, contact Redjeb Jordania, The Boat Shop, East Hampton Maritime Museum, 101 Main st., Easthampton, NY 11937, (516) 324-6393.

Connecticut River



Oar and Paddle Club

The Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club wraps up its busy 1986 season with the following events:

OCTOBER 26: Fourth Annual Fall Leaf Cruise, departs boatyard at 1 p.m. for 4.5 mile cruise in backstreams of Lord's Cove.

NOVEMBER 16: Final cruise of the year, leaving from Deep River docks at 11 a.m. for a 6 mile cruise to the boatyard in Old Saybrook.

NOVEMBER 22: Winter prep work at the yard, haul and cover dory, haul out docks, stow shell and gear, etc. starting at 10 a.m.

For information on joining the Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, or participating in its events, write to CROPC, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06457, or call at (203) 388-2343 during business hours.

OUTDOOR SPORTS CENTER

OUTDOOR SPORT CENTER

The Outdoor Sport Center of Wilton, CT, closes out its fall schedule of trips and training sessions with the following dates:

OCTOBER 18: Introduction to Double Touring day, \$60 fee includes all equipment.

OCTOBER 19: Staten Island to Sandy Hook advanced level trip (15-20 miles), \$45 fee.

OCTOBER 25: Introduction to Sea Kayaking day, \$60 fee includes all equipment.

OCTOBER 26: New York Harbor (inner) daytrip, Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. \$50 fee.

NOVEMBER 2: New York Harbor as on OCTOBER 26.

NOVEMBER 28-30: Chesapeake Bay Thanksgiving Weekend, 3 days, 2 nights camping, \$125 fee.

Looking ahead into winter, they have several major outings planned for faraway places:

DECEMBER 27-JANUARY 3: Florida Everglades trip, three days exploring the Everglades, three more in the Florida Keys.

JANUARY 5-11: Florida Keys trip, wilderness camping on the outer keys, paddle Klepper folding kayaks.

FEBRUARY 21-MARCH 7 and MARCH 14-22: Belize trip, sailing and paddling the protected waters of the world's second longest barrier reef in Klepper folding kayaks.

For further details contact the Outdoor Sports Center at (203) 762-8324, or write to them at 80 Danbury Rd., Wilton, CT 06897.



GRIZZLY TOOLS

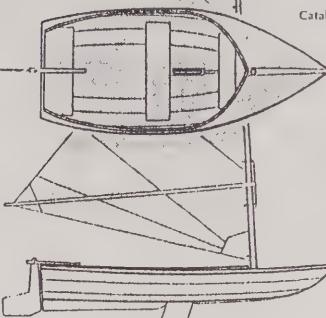
Reader Geoff Heath of Vinalhaven, ME (who sailed the Labrador Coast alone in a 16' Wayfarer dinghy a few years ago) recommended that anyone contemplating buying shop tools for boatbuilding should look into those offered by Grizzly Imports. We obtained their catalogue and it is chock-a-block full of nice looking equipment at very attractive prices. You can obtain a copy by writing to Grizzly Imports, Inc., P.O. Box 2069, Bellingham, WA 98227.

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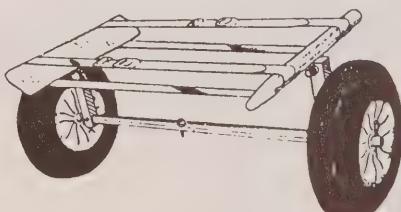
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About that Liberty Ship

In the report on the National Maritime Historical Society in the July 15th issue, I remarked on one effort at saving the last of the World War II Liberty Ships. I described it as a 600' ship to establish the scale of this sort of preservation dream. Well, reader Bob Martin hastens to correct my winging it on the numbers. Bob says the Liberty Ship was 441' long, not 600'. Still big. It had a 57' beam and a draft of 27'. Tonnage comes in three sizes: Gross - 7,176; Net - 4,380; Deadweight - 10,907. Yes, still a big boat to try to preserve.

It used to be called "The Great Dory Race" and included an exhausting row from Rockport (ME) to islands out in Penobscot Bay and back. But organizer Bill Gribbel is growing weary of getting his annual Short Ships Race together, and this year it was overwhelmingly a sea kayak contest. Only two traditional rowing boats took part, two sliding seat recreational shells and one canoe. Eleven sea kayaks made up the rest of the entry.

Mark Zollitch won BOTH the short (1.5 mile) race in Rockport harbor and the longer (8 mile) race from Rockport to Camden and back in his sea kayak. But one of the rowboats, Chuck Mainville's Pilot 21, rowed by Chuck and his daughter, placed second in the longer e-

Short Ships '86

vent, to at least get the pulling boats into the contest. Gribbel and partner Chris Fasoldt were in the only other "traditional" sort of boat, an 18' Whitehall, they finished 7th in the longer race.

Bill only had one prize to offer for each race, and Zollitch took them both home. Afterwards, everyone enjoyed a chicken barbecue at Bill's home on the shore of Rockport harbor. Bill laments the decline of participation in his event, once heavily supported by traditional rowing craft. But, better advance publicity could help a lot, people have to be forewarned well ahead these days about activities, and reminded, and reminded, and reminded . . .



Chewonki's Kayaks

In the October 1st issue we published commentary on the Sea Kayak Symposium from Ernst Heincke, in which he remarked on the basic simplicity of the approach to sea kayaking taken by a group of youths from Camp Chewonki in Wiscasset, ME. These campers had built their own sea kayaks at camp, and then paddled them about 120 miles from Wiscasset to Castine over a period of a couple of weeks.

Tim Ellis of Chewonki sent along this photo of the campers trying out their just completed craft prior to departing on the coastal expedition. Tim promises a more complete report on how this all went from the inside viewpoint.

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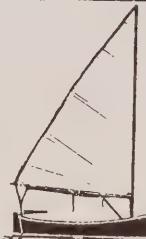
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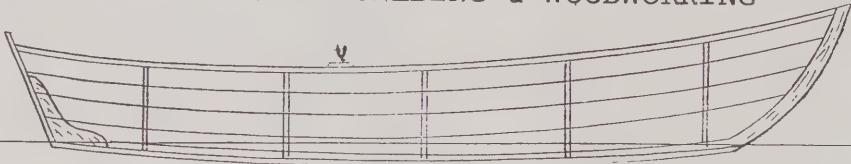
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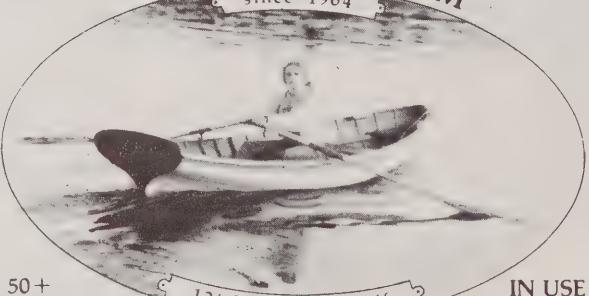
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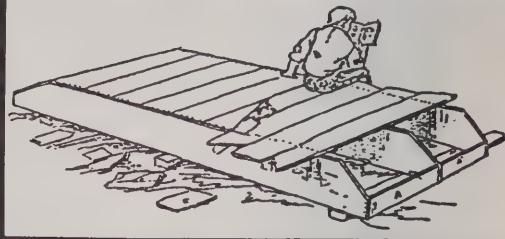


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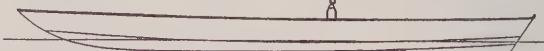


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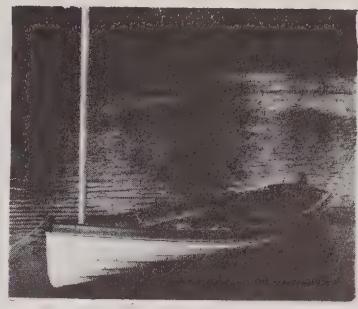
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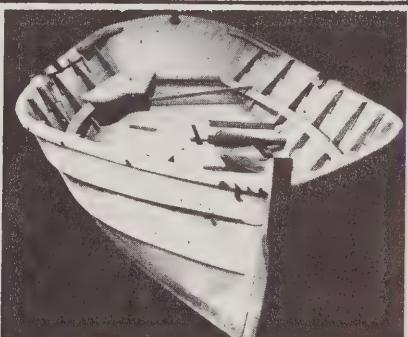
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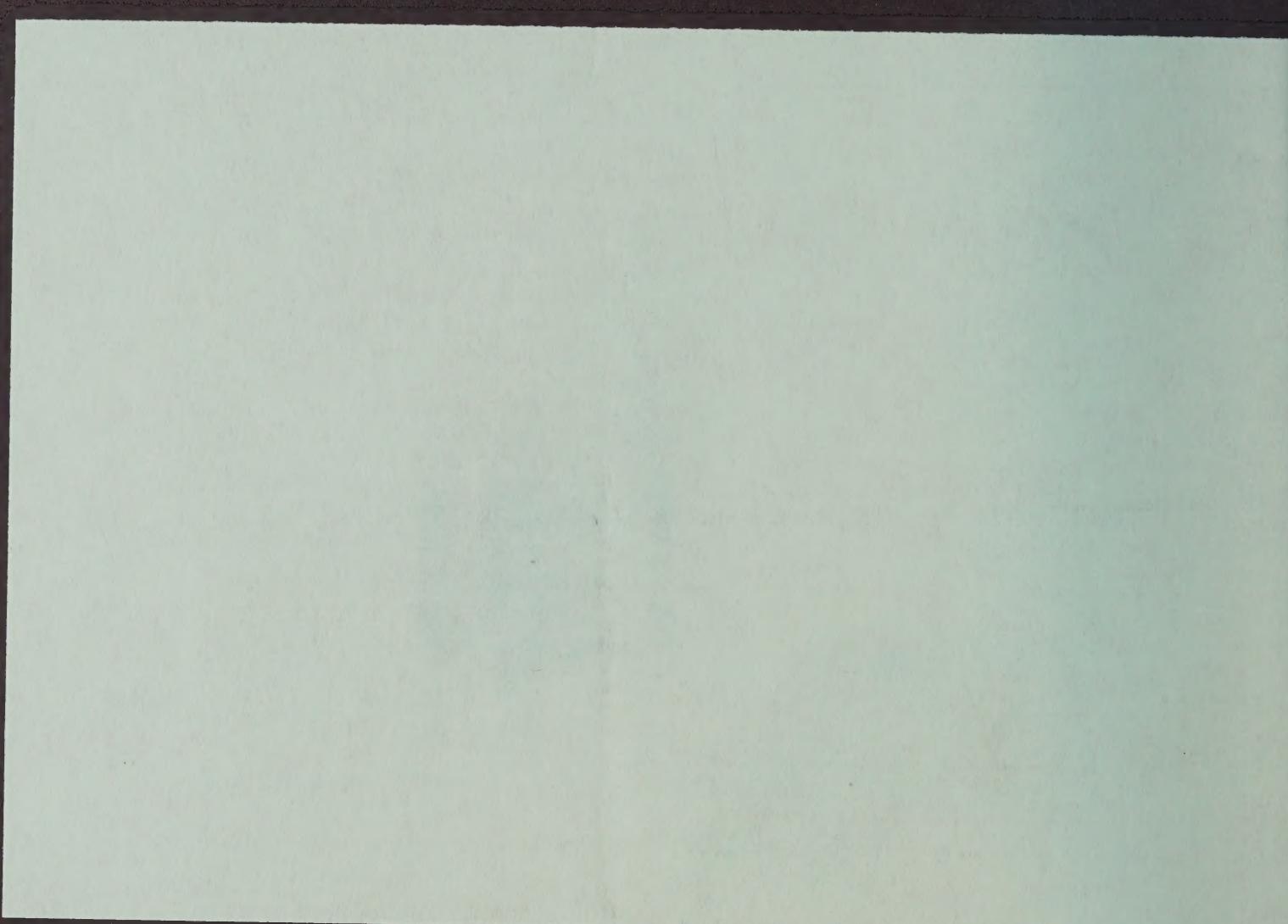
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